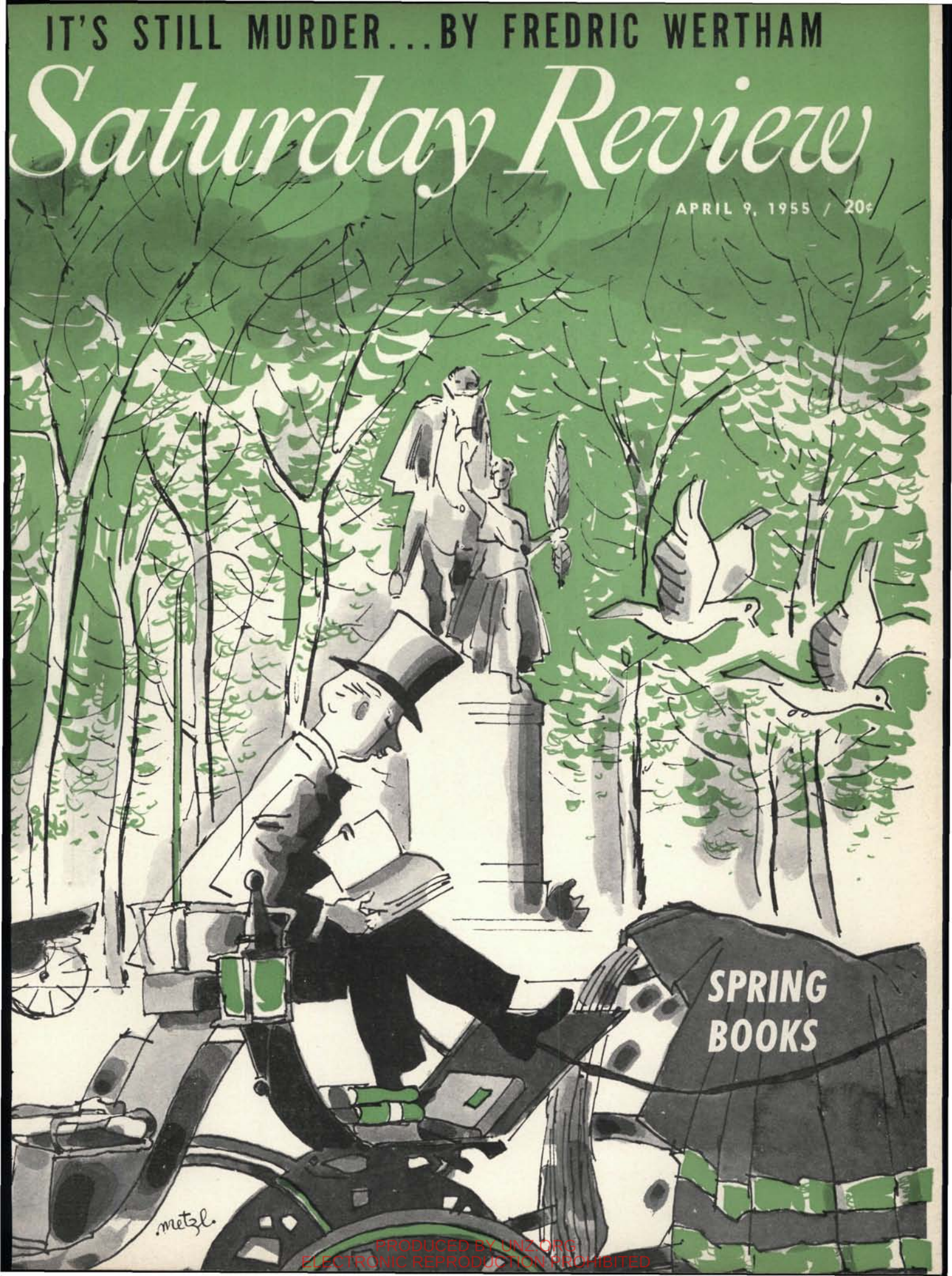
IT'S STILL MURDER...BY FREDRIC WERTHAM

Saturday Review

APRIL 9, 1955 / 20¢



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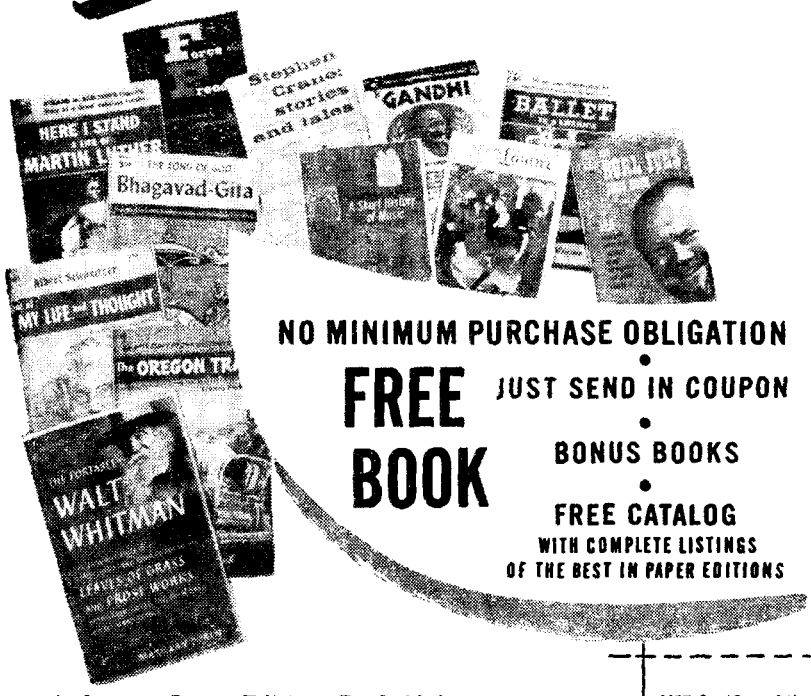

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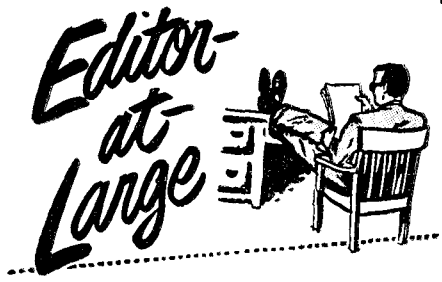

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TRADE Winds

"HELLO, HAWAII . . ."

THE ONLY QUESTION that puzzles me about my trip to Hawaii is why I waited so long to make it. It's an ideal vacation spot, increasingly favored by escapists from wintry blasts in Oregon, Washington, and the Rockies area, and thousands of other sun-lovers as well. Air transport has made the trip a breeze. A passenger plane the other day flew from the West coast to Honolulu in less than seven hours. For the more leisurely minded the crack liner *Lurline* negotiates the crossing in five nights and four days.

My wife Phyllis and I decided to fly over and take the boat back. It worked out perfectly. We set forth from Los Angeles aboard the Pan-American clipper-plane *Celestial* for an almost unbelievably smooth and comfortable ride. It was the first time I ever had been aboard an airplane that flashed the "Kindly Fasten Seat-belts" admonition in Chinese and

Japanese, as well as English, and filled us with a sudden longing to continue the flight to Tokyo and Hong Kong.

NO MATTER HOW OFTEN he's been warned, a first-time visitor to Hawaii cannot help being slightly bewildered by the vociferous welcome accorded him upon arrival. Damp *leis* are festooned around his neck and unidentifiable native beauties rush forward to plant welcoming kisses on his fevered brow (or lips, too, if he's adroit enough). Everybody seems ecstatic. Indeed, one of the continuing joys of the Islands is to see a population so seemingly content with its lot, so happy to tell you of its heritage and folklore. The Hawaiian's myth is as good as his smile.

Our own reception was something special. It included Gregg Sinclair, distinguished and able president of the University of Hawaii; his captivating novelist-wife, Margery; Riley Allen, peppery editor of the *Star-Bulletin;* Norman Wright, who represents most mainland book publishers in Honolulu; and this year's beauty queen at the University. One look at her and I knew I was just going to love Hawaii.

HONOLULU TODAY is bursting at its seams, with more than 300,000 inhabitants, and expanding daily. Its two newspapers—the morning *Advertiser* and evening *Star-Bulletin*—are fierce rivals—but forget differences when it comes to native boosting. Even Texans could take a few lessons from these enthusiasts! Old-timers admit ruefully, however, that the Waikiki sector, at least, looks every day more like a replica of Palm Springs or Miami Beach.

The resemblance will be even more striking if industrialist Henry Kaiser has his way. He showed me blueprints of a new man-made island he proposes to create just to the right of the beach at Waikiki, at a cost of about $200,000,000. It will permit construction of five super-luxury hotels, a civic auditorium, a much-needed theatre, and countless shops featuring fancy fronts and fancier prices. Merchants are smacking their lips, old residents recoiling with horror. For the simple charm of old Hawaii, they realize, they must now go to the far side of Oahu, or to the other islands in the chain.

JIM MICHENER is one famous author who has succumbed to this old-time charm. We drove to his new house together—after a mandatory tour of Pearl Harbor—and gazed from his windswept verandah far out over the blue Pacific. What a place to work! No wonder Robert Louis Stevenson, Jack London, Earl Derr Biggers, and scores of other writers in turn settled here for long intervals to write their books!

Hawaii also has become a movie-maker's paradise. The natives have become so used to Hollywood shenanigans, in fact, that a Clark Gable or Hank Fonda can wander entirely

unmolested the length of Kalakaua Avenue. *Time's* apt line about Esther Williams ("a lot of water has flowed

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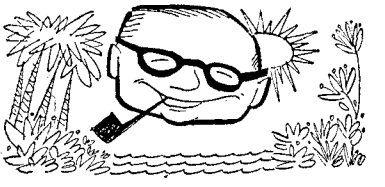
over this dame") was duly appreciated by the Waikikeyhole set, but when the ravishing Esther appeared on the coral sands in person she attracted no more attention than a local *wahine* waddling by in her shapeless *muu-muu*.

For you uninitiated souls, *wahine* means "woman," and a *muu-muu* is a garment patterned after the unflattering covering that appalled missionaries, some hundred years ago, hastily draped over native maidens who were blissfully ambulating with all their abundant charms fully exposed. One maiden is supposed to have flung the covering angrily hence. It landed on a cow, which registered even more vociferous indignation; hence the name, *muu-muu*. The missionaries, meanwhile, their sex purity assured, proceeded to do mighty well for themselves in a material way. Their descendants are the recognized aristocracy of the Islands.

THE TEMPERATURE OF HAWAII remains constant the year round, fluctuating gently from an early-morning sixty to a midday eighty degrees. This permits a hotel like the Royal Hawaiian to be the one fabulous establishment of its kind that had to install not one pennyworth of either heat-



ing or air-cooling equipment. Nature does the trick magnificently.

If there was anything else at this hotel that was missing, I didn't notice it. Even Premier Uchida of Japan was overwhelmed when he stopped there *en route* to San Francisco to sign the peace treaty, though the hotel was still not entirely reconverted from its wartime strip-down, and he himself, for security reasons, was hemmed in by secret-service operatives at every turn. How he eluded their scrutiny remains a mystery, but while they thought he was asleep in his room he was strolling alone and unconcerned on the beach. He returned at 11 P.M. and told manager Jack Fischbeck appreciatively, "In the words of a recent adversary, 'I shall return'."

The one thing that mars the perfection of the Royal Hawaiian is the ever-multiplying flocks of mynah birds that infest the banyan and monkey pod trees in the hotel gardens. These birds keep up a fearful din, especially at dawn and sundown, and resist all efforts to dislodge them. Ironically enough, they were imported

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to the Islands in the first place by bird-lovers who deplored the total absence of little feathered friends in Hawaii. Now they are protected by territorial law, and blithely ignore feeble devices like hot wires strung

through the trees, supersonic sound recordings, and even a spectacular explosion of $1,000 worth of firecrackers. The latter desperate stratagem accomplished one result, however. It scared the hell out of a couple of aged guests from Walla Walla. Until the mynahs can be ousted a visitor to the Royal Hawaiian will be wise to specify a reservation on the ocean-front side.

ONE EYESORE THAT IS MISSING the length and breadth of Hawaii is billboards of any description. The law forbidding them is the brainchild of Louise Dillingham, a doughty social leader who combines the qualities of Mrs. Harrison Williams, Clare Booth Luce, Perle Mesta, and Tallulah Bankhead. Mrs. Dillingham is the epitome of charm socially, but crossed in her social planning she's a holier terror than Bob Moses.

Another Dillingham, Harlo, owns the three prosperous Honolulu bookshops that once were part of the Brentano chain. There's a six-week delay in filling orders from New York, and freight charges are heavy, but all this is nothing compared to difficulties suffered through the war years. Then books had to be ordered by weight, and Macmillan became accustomed to cables from manager Genie Pritchzard imploring, "Rush another fifty pounds of 'Forever Amber'."

Local shops feature the excellent publications of the University of Hawaii Press, which is headed by Tom Nickerson. His managing editor, Aldyth Morris, has a play, "The Fourth Son," scheduled for production on Broadway this fall. Walter Christie gives the new books A-1 coverage in the *Star-Bulletin*, and Louise Martin is not only a mainstay of the library staff but conducts a Saturday night jam-session on the radio.

JUST BENEATH THE SURFACE placidity of Hawaii, tension is mounting over the battle for statehood. The old rallying cry, "No taxation without representation," has lost none of its power through the years. But here the in-

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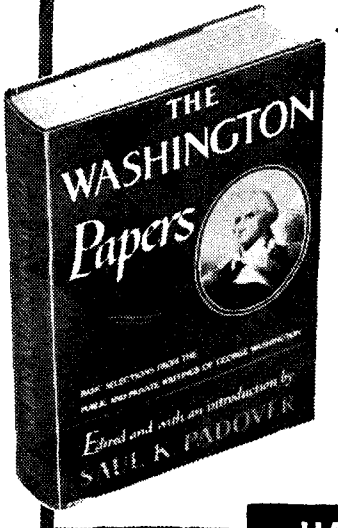

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Here is the romantic, North Carolina story of the "savior of the Stuarts." Here Flora MacDonald re-enacts her role in a fascinating and almost forgotten chapter of our revolution. For the first time an historical figure is the heroine of an Inglis Fletcher novel — her finest novel. $3.95

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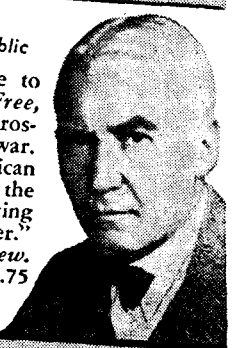

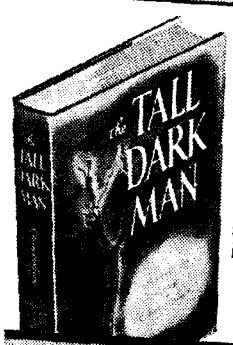

"A story the reader will not forget for a long time." —*Saturday Review Syndicate*

"This is the story of a few dreadful hours spent by a frightened child who knows that she is the only witness to a murder and that the murderer is searching for her . . . Anne Chamberlain is a greatly gifted writer, and THE TALL DARK MAN is a first-rate book." —*N. Y. Times.* $3.00

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terests of the polyglot population—Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Polynesians, Filipinos, and whites, freely intermingled—come into direct conflict with the entrenched, landed gentry who got rich under the old system and would like to keep things as they are. "Of course, we want statehood," they insist, "but we're not quite ready for it yet."

By that they really mean, "We no longer rule the roost around here." "Forty per cent of the population," they add darkly, "is now of foreign extraction, and it's getting worse all the time. Why put more power into their hands? How would you like it if a Senator from Hawaii suddenly popped up in Congress with Japanese or Chinese blood in his veins?"

When I answered, "I think it would be wonderful. How could we possibly give the millions of doubters in the Far East a more graphic illustration of exactly what we mean by American democracy?" I could see my own stock plummeting in their estimation.

A precedent-shattering Democratic victory in local Hawaiian elections last November meant further complications in the statehood fight. This nullified the contention that admission of "Democratic Alaska" and "Republican Hawaii" would simply preserve the status quo in Washington.

With people like Randy Crossley, however, who missed being President Eisenhower's choice for governor of the Islands by an eyelash; with Val Knudsen, whose father was the moving force for a generation on the Island of Kuwai (of which, more in a future column); with the Sinclairs, who have dedicated their entire lives to the betterment of Hawaii; with Commander Bill Lederer, who handles public relations so competently for the Navy at Pearl Harbor and who wrote the successful "All the Ships at Sea"; with all these, there is no doubt whatever.

Hawaii will be a state in the very near future, and will contribute its full, unstinting share to the victory of the free world over the forces that endanger it. —BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1097)

VICTOR HUGO:

TOILERS OF THE SEA

The water had a magical transparency, and Gilliatt distinguished at various depths submerged recesses of ever deeper and deeper green. . . . The crustacea, grandees of the sea, in their lacework and embroidery, avoided rude contracts.

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SR's Library Poll

SOMETIMES right and sometimes wrong in his prophecies, the important thing about Walter Lippmann's vision is that he studies the Babylonian and the Englishman, the Peloponnesian and the Korean Wars, in the same community of history. In his new book, "The Public Philosophy" (#16 on the list), Mr. Lippmann queries the modern amalgam of our Republic—Jefferson *vs.* TV, pioneer *vs.* public-relations man—how is the American soul in 1955?

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A** by Richard Aldrich (G)*
2. **No Time for Sergeants** by Mac Hyman (F)**
3. **The View from Pompey's Head** by Hamilton Basso (F)
4. **My Several Worlds** by Pearl Buck (G)
5. **I'll Cry Tomorrow** by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)
6. **Sincerely, Willis Wayde** by John P. Marquand (F)
7. **Treadmill to Oblivion** by Fred Allen (G)
8. **Not As a Stranger** by Morton Thompson (F)
9. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
10. **Battle Cry** by Leon Uris (F)
11. **Love Is Eternal** by Irving Stone (F)
12. **Hadrian's Memoirs** by Marguerite Yourcenar (F)
13. **Fragebogen** by Ernst von Salomon (G)
14. **Trial** by Don Mankiewicz (F)
15. **The Tumult and the Shouting** by Grantland Rice (G)
16. **The Public Philosophy** by Walter Lippmann (G)
17. **Gift From the Sea** by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (G)
18. **Katherine** by Anya Seton (F)
19. **The Woman Within** by Ellen Glasgow (G)
20. **The Bad Seed** by William March (F)

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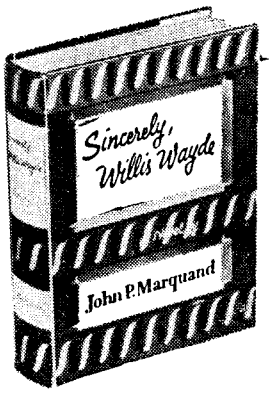
* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

#1 on the Critics' Poll

SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE
JOHN P. MARQUAND



National best seller. Read and talked about everywhere. "A more devastating and accurate exploration of what's what with the American businessman than Dreiser's bitter *Titan* or Sinclair Lewis' rollicking *Babbitt*." —LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "His best since *The Late George Apley*." — STERLING NORTH, *N. Y. World-Telegram & Sun*. $3.95

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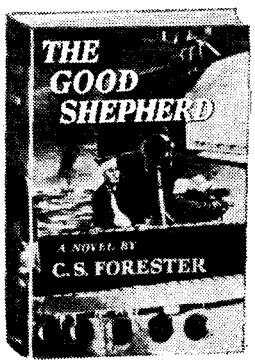
"A great narrative of the sea."
CAPTAIN WALTER KARIG, *Saturday Review*

THE GOOD SHEPHERD
C. S. FORESTER

"The greatest adventure story to come out of World War II."—*Life*. "Magnificent — suspense and violence maintained almost to the breaking point." — JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*. "C. S. Forester is the first admiral of all the seven seas of fiction." JOHN P. MARQUAND. $3.95



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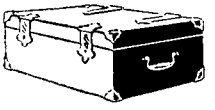
From canines to covered wagons

Animal lovers who read *King Solomon's Ring*, heard **Konrad Lorenz** on his recent lecture tour, saw on television evidence of his remarkable rapport with ducks or read about it in the newspapers, will know what to expect in his latest book, **Man Meets Dog** ($3.00). Anyone who has ever been well acquainted with a dog or cat will find a wealth of information on his association with the animal. Why is there such a thing as a "one-man dog"? How far does a dog understand our language? Dr. Lorenz, world authority on animal behavior, discusses with wisdom and humor every aspect of the unique man-dog relationship.

Guy Murchie, adventurer, war correspondent, navigator, philosopher, explores another realm of natural history in **Song of the Sky** ($5.00) — the newly-discovered realms of the air around us. You have probably heard of it. It has already been acclaimed a classic: "It will stand, I believe, with Lindbergh's great book and the unforgettable work of Saint Exupéry as part of the already emergent literature of the air." (*Clifton Fadiman*). "Extravagant and wonderful . . . Everyone who flies, everyone who as a child was fascinated by the watery oceans, all who speculate upon the nature of our world will enjoy this book." (*James Michener, N.Y. Times*).



What was in **The Strongbox?** That was the mystery of the book. But we have discovered there were still other things in it. For example: "Admirably Swiggett draws the reader into the intellectual and emotional web he weaves, making him a partner to a conspiracy that holds a high threshhold of understanding." — *N.Y. Herald Tribune.* "It places him in that line where John P. Marquand and Hamilton Basso march . . . a strikingly adult novel." — *Chicago Tribune. The Strongbox* ($3.75) is by the author of the bestselling *The Power and the Prize*, **Howard Swiggett.**

Life on the frontier has inspired some of our most genuine and distinctive literature. All the dime novels, the TV shoot-'em-ups, the grade D cowboy serials at your neighborhood theater, are evidence of the tremendous grip America's greatest adventure has on the American imagination. Readers who wince when they hear a cowboy song tend to forget that such writers as Mary Austin, Wallace Stegner, Oliver LaFarge, Bret Harte, Jack London, Mari Sandoz, and Eugene Manlove Rhodes have written stories about the West that are worth reading. You will find them and many others in **Out West** ($4.00) an anthology of stories edited by another writer of distinguished western fiction, **Jack Schaefer.**

Other fiction worth looking into includes **Jane Eklund Ball's Philippa** ($3.50) and **Richard Scowcroft's A View of the Bay** ($3.00). Two slim volumes of verse just published are **Isabella Gardner's Birthdays From the Ocean** ($3.00) and **William H. Matchett's Water Ouzel and Other Poems** ($3.00). And don't miss the extraordinary story of an extraordinary adolescent, **August Kubizek's The Young Hitler I Knew** ($4.00) — the book that takes you over the lost bridge in Hitler's life, the bridge from understandable childhood to incomprehensible megalomania.

Houghton Mifflin Company, ***Publishers***

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The Saturday Review

APRIL 9, 1955

IT'S STILL MURDER

What Parents Still Don't Know About Comic Books

This Charlton Comics Group drawing (March 1955) carries Code Authority approval, whose "Fact Kit" says: "Well-balanced children are not upset by even the more horrible scenes as long as the reason for the threat of torture is clear."

EDITOR'S NOTE: One year ago the comic-book publishers made a declaration of responsibility. A code of good practices was promulgated and a "czar" (Charles F. Murphy) was appointed to rule out offensive material. *The Saturday Review* has asked Dr. Fredric Wertham, whose article on terror comics in *The Saturday Review* seven years ago first called national attention to the growing problem represented by such publishing, to survey changes in the industry under the new code.

By FREDRIC WERTHAM, M.D.

The ideals that grown-ups think should obtain are to be found more readily in children's literature than anywhere else. All our innocences are there.
—HENRY STEELE COMMAGER.

DO YOU know what a *necronomicon* is? Probably not. But for thousands of children this is part of their education. They know that a *necronomicon* is a creature that, of course, drinks people's blood and eats their flesh. Maybe you don't know either how one stops a man who is drinking a child's blood. That is easy: a man with a crucifix chants prayers while another man stabs the vampire through the heart. Let me conclude this little quiz about what we give our youngest children to read with a last question. Why does a woman leave her husband? You may not know; but many little boys and girls could tell you: She is sexually attracted to a big, black gorilla—"I MUST GO TO HIM!" she says. "I MUST!"

For years now parents, educators, doctors, child psychologists, moral teachers, and religious leaders have permitted good children to be exposed to this kind of reading, indiscriminately and in enormous numbers. The Kefauver Senate Committee to investigate organized crime whitewashed the crime comic book industry. The Hendrickson Senate Subcommittee on juvenile delinquency, although admitting that many comic books "stress sadistic degeneracy," also specifically rejects legislation. It would seem that Senators are more informed about subversion than about perversion. They seem to believe that the crime comic book publishers will voluntarily cease being crime comic book publishers. That hope finds some support in the repeated announcements made by the industry that things would soon be different and that it was eager to demonstrate its responsibility. Seven months ago—more than half a year—it proclaimed that it was appointing a commissioner with full authority to apply a code of ethics. The questions are: Has anything resembling the vaunted clean-up actually taken place? Can the right of children to grow up unde-praved be safeguarded without a public health law? Or is the president of the Association of Minnesota Juvenile Court Judges, Judge Vincent Hollaren, correct when he writes (in "The Betrayal of Youth"): "True freedom is regulation."

It is now seven years since I wrote the first article about my research on the actual effects of comic books on children [*SR* May 29, 1948]. What has happened in the meantime? One might expect that the lawlessness which allows the crime-comics industry to do what it chooses would by now have been curbed. Instead, it flourishes openly—according to *Barron's* to the tune of up to 150 million dollars a year. A newsletter of February 10, 1955, distributed to communications media, states: "It is of no consequence whether crime comics are harmful or not." And the same newsletter goes on to pinpoint all that's wrong: "The immediate enemy is Fredric Wertham, not some other publisher. He cannot be reasoned with. He must be discredited and rendered ineffective. This is a job for the bomb-disposal squad, and comic-book publishers should sit

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WHEN THOSE NEW YORK-
ERS IN UMERICA OPENED THE
CRATE THEY THOUGHT THE
STATUE INSIDE WAS THAT OF A
WOMAN... POOR IDIOTS, THEY
DIDN'T RECOGNIZE KING MIDAS.
NOW THE GOOD KING RESIDES ON
BEDLOES ISLAND, IN PLAIN VIEW
OF ALL THE WORLD...

The Statue of Liberty as shown in a Code Authority-approved *Mysterious Stories* edition, April 1955 (Premier Magazine, Inc.).

down and decide what to do about him. Will he go away? Probably not. He must be knocked out."

Some people like to say that children have always had sub-literary trash to read. But comic books are an entirely new phenomenon for three reasons. In the first place, their number is staggering. They have reached at times ninety millions *a month*. More money is spent on them than on all the textbooks in primary and secondary schools together!

Secondly, the content of the majority of comic books is something that has never happened in such concentration and profusion before in any children's literature. The ingredients spelled out, pictured, and glorified are violence, cruelty, sadism, crime, beating, promiscuity, sexual perversion, race hatred, contempt for human beings, descriptions of every conceivable crime, every method of concealing evidence, and every way to avoid detection.

The third reason why comic books are a new phenomenon in children's literature is to my mind the most sinister one. In former times smut and trash were frowned upon in children's reading. Either it was actively combatted or it was minimized, curbed, and barely tolerated. Nowadays it is not only defended, but is actually praised as being good for children!

Dorothy Thompson recently wrote about comic books: "The harm done is incalculable, even if it results in no overt acts, and even if at last it is overcome by other influences." She has no doubt that "the craze for the 'good' (*i.e.*, harmless) as well as the bad (comic books) contributes to the arresting of normal development." Yet crime comics have been defended with an array of high-sounding arguments.

Perhaps the most insidious of these arguments, and one deserving to be fought at every step, is the claim that *only* unstable children who are insecure, or otherwise predestined or preconditioned, are adversely affected by comics. (Unfortunately, the Hendrickson Committee seems to have fallen for this.) But you cannot categorically classify children as "stable" or "unstable." Every normal child is immature, growing, and to that extent unstable and vulnerable. The first modern psychologist, Saint Augustine, pointed out the effect of social seduction by public spectacles on an immature mind, especially in the direction of unconscious fascination by sadism and violence.

The most important harm done by comic books is in the field of *reading*. They interfere with elementary mechanisms of learning to read and with the acquisition of the essential perceptual techniques. Children do not think of reading a comic book as they might "read a book." They "look at" a comic. They become picture-gazers, because they can get the main points of the stories from the pictures alone, without bothering to read the words. The damage may show up years later in the disinclination—or inability—to read a whole book from beginning to end. What right do we have to deprive a whole generation of children of the wholesome influence that comes from reading good literature?

Comic books also do widespread harm to children in the ethical sphere. Of course, one does not find this if one looks only for crude immediacies. It is not true that a child reads a comic book one day, then does something wrong on account of that the next. Very often the child may not do anything wrong at all; but the damage may be there nonetheless. You cannot understand the mental-health problems of the child if you leave out his ethical development. Undermine ethics and you undermine his mental health.

THE connection between crime comic books and the more violent forms of juvenile delinquency is now well established. It is easy to build up a straw-man argument that comic books are the "sole factor" and then demolish it. But nobody ever claimed that they are. "The comic books," as Walter Lippmann writes in "The Young Criminals," "are purveying violence and lust to a vicious and intolerable degree. There can be no real doubt that public exhibitions of sadism tend to excite sadistic desires and to teach the audience how to gratify sadistic desires." Philadelphia's Police Commissioner Thomas J. Gibbons, Washington, D.C., Chief of Police, New York City's Police Commissioner Francis H. Adams, Corporation Counsel Adrian P. Burke, the National Council of Juvenile Court Judges—all agree on the connection between crime comic books and violent forms of delinquency. Under the presidency of Harold W. Kennedy, the National Association of County and Prosecuting Attorneys sponsored a model public health anti-crime comics law which was unanimously passed in Los Angeles County. In the light of all this, the recent public indignation about some particularly violent crimes by youngsters in New York is sheer hypocrisy. We adults have been teaching it all to them, over and over and over again, in easy illustrated lessons in crime comics.

Comic books also do great harm to

(*Continued on page 46*)

An example of gentility from an Avon Periodicals, Inc., publication, *Wild Bill Hickok* (March 1955), bearing a Code Authority stamp of approval.

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—By Erica Anderson, for "The World of Albert Schweitzer" (Harper).

"A feeling of peace . . . the great simplicity of Schweitzer's bearing harmonized with the rite he was about to perform."

Schweitzer's Birthday at Lambarene

EDITOR'S NOTE: Robert G. McGregor is the American Consul General located at Leopoldville, Belgian Congo—responsible for Ruando-Urandi, French Equatorial Africa, the French Cameroons, and the Congo. For the January 14 celebration of Albert Schweitzer's eightieth birthday, Mr. McGregor (in the company of Chester Bowles, formerly ambassador to India and Governor of Connecticut) flew up to Lambarene carrying the good wishes of Secretary of State Dulles and a group of American friends. The following is a record of that day, and a picture of the great humanitarian who there entered his ninth decade.

By ROBERT G. McGREGOR

WE HAD scarcely deposited our luggage at the Lambarene buildings when suddenly I looked over my shoulder and there came Dr. Schweitzer. He advanced along a covered veranda, his face wreathed in smiles. He extended his hand in greeting. I was somewhat surprised to find him walking erect and with deliberate pace, for I had been told that, on his disembarking in Port Gentil from his recent trip back from Europe, he had suffered a fall.

"I hope your knee is not worrying you, Doctor," I said.

"We do not mention it," he replied, gently but firmly.

A nurse in white uniform led the way to our quarters, the Doctor accompanying us as far as the community hall, where he said he would await us. I had expected a grass hut with earth floor, perhaps a bed and, I hoped, mosquito net. We were shown into rooms open on both ends, protected by mosquito wire mesh. It was furnished with a small writing table, a chest of drawers, two iron beds with immaculate linen, two chairs, a washstand, mirror, and petrol lamp. The floors were even then being washed down.

As we walked back to join the Doctor I became aware that I had, in the short space of the previous quarter hour, entered an atmosphere that was to control our mood for the rest of the day. Any worries, cares, selfish thoughts, or ideas of self-importance drop away for no perceptible reason. One notices simple things, and although there is much activity, there is no haste; although there is purpose, there is no grimness; although there are different races, there is none of that contrast one meets with in the other Africas; there is no obsequious deference from black to white; there is instead trust, faith, and naturalness. I speak of this feeling not in summation of the day we passed with Dr. Schweitzer, but rather as it happened. For, in that short walk back, there was compounded a receptivity that prepared us for the great simplicity of the Doctor himself. He, shorn of any affectation whatever, is nonetheless a majestic figure, alternately kind and stern, doing nothing even by gesture that is not meaningful, and giving his whole attention to any matter, whether it concerns domestic arrangements involving the hospitals, conversation on India or philosophy, or whether it is in the realm of enjoying himself in an atmosphere of deep and abiding affection.

When Dr. Schweitzer spoke, his thoughts were often portrayed in his face. The face was never inscrutable, but reflected a deep concentration and a bringing of the whole of his senses to an expression of his thought. He listened with feeling and quite frequently closed his eyes and bowed his head, letting the thoughts behind the spoken word absorb themselves into his being. There was great good humor and an agility of mind that kept the conversation lively and always moving.

Meanwhile, preparations were being made for lunch. Places were laid for thirty-six. Down the center of the long table were freshly picked leaves and apples, bananas, lemons, and breadfruit. The staff began to assemble. I was surprised to find nearly everyone spoke English.

I had heard that the Doctor is an authoritarian who exercises strict discipline, and that his staff is in awe of him. This is partially true and noticeable in little things. For example, no

(*Continued on page 44*)

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SR's Spring Poll

Fiction Makes a Comeback

THE STATE of fiction has been so drear the past several seasons that it is news when a goodly number of novels comes along for which the critics can exhibit something resembling enthusiasm. Seven of the dozen titles most frequently recommended by the twenty-eight book editors participating in *SR*'s latest poll are novels and volumes of short stories, and while none of them is likely to make Hemingway or Faulkner look to his laurels, they offer rewarding reading for the spring months ahead.

But the type of book that booksellers and librarians call "general" or "non-fiction" continues strong in quality and variety. Of the 100 books nominated by the critics, sixty are in this category. The books most frequently nominated are:

"Sincerely, Willis Wayde," by John P. Marquand, twelve votes.
"A Train of Powder," by Rebecca West, six votes.
"Gift From the Sea," by Anne Morrow Lindbergh, five votes.
"The Solitary Singer: A Critical Biography of Walt Whitman," by Gay Wilson Allen, five votes.
"Something of Value," by Robert Ruark, five votes.
"Apes, Angels, and Victorians," by William Irvine, four votes.
"Bonjour Tristesse," by Françoise Sagan, four votes.
"The Bride of Innisfallen and Other Stories," by Eudora Welty, four votes.
"The Cypresses Believe in God," by José Maria Gironella, four votes.
"The Public Philosophy," by Walter Lippmann, four votes.
"The Recognitions," by William Gaddis, four votes.
"Venture Into Darkness," by Alice Tisdale Hobart, four votes.

This is the seventh spring *SR* has asked the book editors of newspapers in all sections of the country to recommend six titles—fiction or general. In the hope that you will find their suggestions useful as a guide to your own reading, we list them all below. As in the past, the editor is greatly indebted to Marianne Gutman for assistance in compiling the list, to John Haverstick for helping with the annotations. The names in the brackets are those of the book editors making the nomination.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Fiction

TWELVE VOTES

SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE. *By John P. Marquand. Little, Brown.* $3.95.
The story of a well-meaning American's climb up the ladder of industry and the satisfactions and dissatisfactions it brought him. (Babcock, Bond, Bradley, Douglas, Little, McManis, O'Neill, Rothermel, Smith, Snajdr, Tinkle, Yeiser.)

FIVE VOTES

SOMETHING OF VALUE. *By Robert Ruark. Doubleday & Co.*, $5.
Sex, dark ritual, and African Mau Maus, all done up in bright colors by a well-known newspaper columnist turned novelist. (Babcock, Barkham, Bradley, Flowers, Little.)

FOUR VOTES

BONJOUR TRISTESSE. *By Françoise Sagan. Translated by Irene Ash. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.50.
A cunning French girl's campaign to demolish her father's plans to remarry. (Bond, Bradley, North, Yeiser.)

THE BRIDE OF INNISFALLEN. *By Eudora Welty. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.50.
A sensitive and stylized collection of Miss Welty's well-known manner of short stories. These deal with a young girl who runs away from unfulfilled expectations, with the burning of a nice old antebellum home, with an eager mother, eager daughters, and others. (Cross, Kogan, Tinkle, Thomas B. Sherman.)

THE CYPRESSES BELIEVE IN GOD. *By José María Gironella. Translated by Harriet de Onis. Alfred A. Knopf. Two vols.* $10.
A novel-in-the-grand-tradition of pre-Spanish-Civil-War days, all done by prying deeply into the lives of a God-fearing telegraph operator (who is troubled by the Pope's blessing of Mussolini's tanks), a fiercely loyal wife (who votes as the priest tells her), a young saint, and other interesting inhabitants who lived within sight of the Cathedral and the brothels of Catalonia. (Cross, O'Neill, Thomas B. Sherman, Tinkle.)

THE RECOGNITIONS. *By William Gaddis. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $7.50.
The decay of faith in the modern world portrayed through the story of a minister's son who abandons family tradition to become a bankrupt painter. (Bradley, Emmart, Little, Yeiser.)

VENTURE INTO DARKNESS. *By Alice Tisdale Hobart. Longmans, Green & Co.* $3.95.
Shifting loyalties, Communist treachery in China, and broken-down men, all bursting forth like Chinese fireworks. (Hormel, Rothermel, John K. Sherman, Snajdr.)

THREE VOTES

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. *By C. S. Forester. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.95.
Commander George Krause and his feat in convoying thirty-seven merchant ships through a U-boat pack during World War II. (Babcock, Herzberg, McManis.)

TWO VOTES

THE CORNERSTONE. *By Zoé Oldenbourg. Translated by Edward Hyams. Pantheon Books.* $4.50.
The chronicle of the Linnières family, begun in "The World Is Not Enough," continues with Ansieu, the old Crusader, making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to visit a son's grave, while another son remains home to pursue an evil life. (Cady, Cross.)

A CROSSBOWMAN'S STORY. *By George Millar. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.95.
A fictional re-creation of the first exploration of the Amazon. (Barkham, Little.)

FLAMINGO FEATHER. *By Laurens van der Post. William Morrow & Co.* $3.95.
An exciting story of a Dutch anthropologist's entanglement with Communist infiltration and the variety and depth of the African continent. (Barkham, Hormel.)

HOMER'S DAUGHTER. *By Robert Graves. Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
A fictional account, by one of the ablest living historical novelists, of how the "Odyssey" came to be written. (McManis, Thomas B. Sherman.)

ONE VOTE

ACT OF GOD. *By Margaret Kennedy. Rinehart & Co.* $3.50.
A lightly satirical novel about avant-garde art with an English seaside town as its setting. (Flowers.)

AN ALLIGATOR NAMED DAISY. *By Charles Terrot. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.
A highly imaginative dish about a fellow named Peter whose friend bequeaths him not only an alligator named Daisy but also a girl named Moira. Before he wrote this one Mr. Terrot was the author of "The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp." (Cady.)

FAR MORNING. *By Edward Grierson. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
A middle-aging Briton stationed in Bagdad faces up to such problems of the human heart as desire and fidelity. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

FLESH AND BLOOD. *By François Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Farrar, Straus & Co.* $3.
A new translation of the Nobel Prizewinner's "Le Chair et Le Sang," a novel whose burden is the theme of sensual passion. (Yeiser.)

THE GATES OF LIVING. *By Josephine Lawrence. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.95.
A compulsive do-gooder, a bitter mother, and some marital unhappiness, all done up in lukewarm colors. (Herzberg.)

THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS. *By Aldous Huxley. Harper & Bros.* Probable price, $2.75.
The genius: a Nobel Prizewinning scientist. The goddess: his wife. The situation: a tangle of sexuality which comes to pass when a young prig enters the household, all done under naked light bulbs. (Tinkle.)

THE GOODLY SEED. *By John Wyllie. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.
The effect of war on men of all manners who are incarcerated in a Jap prison camp is fictionally investigated. (Wyllie—no relation.)

THE HIDDEN RIVER. *By Storm Jameson. Harper & Bros.* $3.
What occurred when a group of people who had known each other in various guises in Occupied France meet again in a country house on the Loire. (Barkham.)

HOMECOMING. *By Jiro Osaragi. Translated by Brewster Horwitz. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.75.
An outcast from Japan who, after wandering through Europe, returns to his native land during the postwar era. (Wyllie.)

THE HONOR OF GASTON LE TORCH. *By Jacques Perret. Translated by Anne Cliff and Fernand G. Renier. W. W. Norton & Co.* $3.50.
A bibulous swashbuckle through the rigging, between the decks, and among the wine butts of a seventeenth-century French frigate on the part of a fellow, who, says the publisher, resembles Walter Mitty with a French accent. (Dolbier.)

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THE HOUND OF EARTH. *By Vance Bourjaily. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.
A novel which tries to encompass some giant themes involving atomic bombs and scientists, senses of social mission, humanity and inhumanity, all brought together in Allerd Pennington, a disloyal atomic physicist. (Jackson.)

I'M OWEN HARRISON HARDING. *By James Whitfield Ellison. Doubleday & Co.* $3.50.
A whole report card, mainly full of D's, about a boy's summer in Fleming, Michigan, and about his gang, his girls, his wishful thinking about them, and about other boyish affairs. (North.)

THE INNOCENT SAILOR. *By Anne de Tourville. Translated by Mervyn Savill. Farrar, Straus & Co.* $3.50.
A novel about a colorful wanderer from Brittany who loves and lives in Paris, Panama, Labrador, Australia, and other places. By the author of "Wedding Dance," which won the Prix Femina not so long ago. (Jackson.)

MOTHER AND SON. *By I. Compton-Burnett. Julian Messner.* $3.50.
The story of two families in an English country town and the subtle relationships that develop between them. (Yeiser.)

MY LORD ESSEX. *By Olive Eckerson. Henry Holt & Co.* $4.50.
Essex—and Elizabeth again—all wrapped up in fat historical pageantry. (Snajdr.)

NO COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN. *By Warren Eyster. Random House.* $4.50.
Of the Mijacks and the Langs, two Pennsylvania steel-town families who become involved in land, money, religion, love, politics (and steel). By the author of "Far From the Customary Skies." (Barkham.)

ONCE IN ALEPPO. *By Donald R. Barton. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.95.
The story of a young American diplomat who finds romance and a mission in the hypothetical Middle Eastern country of Turaq. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

THE RAIDERS. *By William E. Wilson. Rinehart & Co.* $3.
The time: the Civil War. The place: an Ohio River town. The situation: Mayor Henry Clayburn is a Northerner, his wife a Southerner, his sons splitting the difference. In the end everybody meets up and there's a good deal of shooting. (Emmart.)

THE ROYAL HUNT. *By Pierre Moinot. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
This work of a new French novelist of uncommon promise tells of men living close to savage beasts in the Vosges mountains and the ambitions and passions that consume them. (Wyllie.)

RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP. *By Commander Edward L. Beach, U.S.N. Henry Holt & Co.* $3.95.
Some depth castings into life among the submarines during World War II. By the author of "Submarine!" (Babcock.)

THE SCOTSWOMAN. *By Inglis Fletcher. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $3.95.
A potent dish about one Flora MacDonald, a valorous and compassionate female who roughed it out in early North Carolina among pirates and some rough Scots clansmen. By the author of "Raleigh's Eden." (Bradley.)

THE SLANDER OF WITCHES. *By Richard Gehman. Rinehart & Co.* $3.
The havoc wrought in a small city when tongues start wagging over an innocent enough romance. (McManis.)

THE STRONGBOX. *By Howard Swiggett. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.75.
Some nip-and-tuck, deep-and-loyal efforts on the part of a businessman (aided by two talented females) to save his deceased business mentor from public disgrace in a Communist plot. (Hass.)

THE SULTAN AND THE LADY. *By Eric Linklater. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.50.
A gay parody of shenanigans in the colonial East, complete with the native ruler, British "protectors," and assorted cosmopolites. (Jackson.)

TRIAL. *By Don M. Mankiewicz. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
This winner of the Harper Novel Prize for 1955 tells of a professor of law who becomes involved in a rape-murder case, and learns much about law, life, love, and Communism from the experience. (McManis.)

THE TWO TOWERS. *By J. R. R. Tolkien. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $5.
Some highly symbolic fiction about the Third Age of Middle Earth, and of one Frodo who has decided that he must carry the Ring back to the Fire that will consume it (and Evil). (Dolbier.)

Walter Lippmann, Rebecca West, Gay Wilson Allen, William Irvine, Robert Ruark, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, John P. Marquand, Alice Tisdale Hobart, José María Gironela, Françoise Sagan, Eudora Welty, William Gaddis—"rewarding reading for the months ahead."

VIOLENT SATURDAY. *By W. L. Heath. Harper & Bros.* $3.
A build-up to a bank robbery in a small Southern town, the whole involving a restless rich man's son (and his restless wife), an impoverished lady of an old family, and a fellow who just wants to go fishing. (Flowers.)

A WORLD OF LOVE. *By Elizabeth Bowen. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
The story of the menage of a great house in Ireland and of young Jane, who inadvertently meets the past in its attic. (Little.)

General

SIX VOTES

A TRAIN OF POWDER. *By Rebecca West. Viking Press.* $3.75.
Essays about the Nuremberg trials, the Berlin blockade, a South Carolina lynching, British espionage and murder cases. (Bond, Kogan, North, O'Neill, Rothermel, John K. Sherman.)

FIVE VOTES

GIFT FROM THE SEA. *By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Pantheon Books.* $2.75.
Mrs. Lindbergh sat watching the sea toss up its gifts of rare and perfect shells, saw symbolism in them, and poured out her own ponderings—her first book in eleven years. (Babcock, Bond, Douglas, Flowers, Rothermel.)

THE SOLITARY SINGER: A Critical Biography of Walt Whitman. *By Gay Wilson Allen. The Macmillan Co.* $8.
A full, scholarly biography of the good gray American poet, published in the centennial year of the publication of his "Leaves of Grass." (Bradley, Hass, Jackson, Snajdr, Tinkle.)

FOUR VOTES

APES, ANGELS, AND VICTORIANS. *By William Irvine, McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $5.
All about the rough rows that took place in Victorian parlors and parliaments when Charles Darwin wrote "Origin of Species," Thomas Huxley defended him, and when quite a few bearded statesmen were outraged. (Bond, Flowers, Herzberg, John K. Sherman.)

THE PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY. *By Walter Lippmann. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.50.
An analysis of the causes for the rapid decline of liberal democracy and the rise of totalitarianism in our time. (Little, Rothermel, John K. Sherman, Thomas B. Sherman.)

THREE VOTES

AMERICAN IN RUSSIA. *By Harrison E. Salisbury. Harper & Bros.* $4.
A report by *The New York Times*'s former Moscow correspondent on what he observed

(*Continued on page 42*)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Facts About Adolescence

ADOLESCENTS do not hate their parents. They merely feel absolute contempt, occasionally coated with condescending pity for them, their tiny brains, ridiculous ideas, unfair rules, and obvious senility. They all refer to their father as "oh him" and their mother as "she": "*She* won't let me go, naturally. *She's* scared to death I might have a little fun for a change." "Who was that on the phone? *Oh him!* What did he want, his overcoat again?"

All adolescents "go steady." Daughters with boys who appear to be oily, weak-chinned, and untrustworthy. Sons with girls who appear hard-eyed, brazen, and, if not downright immoral, certainly not wholesome sister types. No parent gets anywhere combatting these great romances. How can anyone as stupid as "oh him" evaluate a big wheel like Billy? (A big wheel who lies on the couch more than the dog and has a vocabulary of thirty words.) What can "she" possibly know about a wonderful girl like Charlene (with her skin-tight skirts, fuchsia lipstick apparently put on with a putty knife, and scintillating conversation of "Gollee, Anne, Johnny may have the mind of a boy but he sure has the *body* of a *man*!").

The thing that is so difficult for fathers to remember is that very few, if any, of the brilliant lawyers, bankers, doctors, architects, or statesmen, a facsimile of which they desire for a son-in-law, ever took out girls when they were in high school. They were too shy and too busy studying to be brilliant lawyers, etc. Big Wheels in high school are, always have been, and undoubtedly always will be the smooth, shifty-eyed, self-confident non-studiers.

The thing that comes as such a blow to the mothers is the fact that little Conroy is not attracted to Ermingarde Allen, who "has such pretty manners and will be very nice-looking when her skin clears up and after all her mother was my classmate at Bryn Mawr."

Conroy, who is shy and unsure, refers to Ermingarde, who is shy and unsure, as "that pimply creep," and spends all his time trying to get a date with Carmen Smith, who is reputed to let the boys take off her sweater in a parked car. If it is any comfort, isn't it really better for Conroy to satisfy his curiosity about Carmen Smith at sixteen rather than, say, forty?

All adolescents telephone. This is part of the cohesive quality that makes them all eat in the same beanery, walk in bunches, knot up in hallways, keep in constant touch. United we stand—divided we might learn something. (You will not solve anything by having two telephones. "Wow, *two* telephones!" Anne and Joan's friends said, and kept them both busy.)

All adolescent girls would prefer to live in a bathroom.

All adolescent boys would prefer to live in a car.

—From "Onions in the Stew," by Betty MacDonald (to be published by Lippincott on May 16).

"... attacked by piratical youths."

The City of Light

EVERY great city—and there aren't many deserving that adjective—has an immediate and special effect on one exposed to it for the first time. New York hits you between the teeth, London makes you straighten your tie and roll up your umbrella, Venice soothes and saddens you, Rome turns you into an actor, Berlin forces you to dislike the human race, Copenhagen causes you to like it again, Constantinople lulls you into a sweet sleep, Vienna . . . forgive me, I've never been there . . . Paris enchants and exhilarates you as no other place can.

I was in a state of perpetual motion from the time I landed, bent on discovering Paris for myself without anyone's help, lounging in cafés, riding in the Metro, buses, horse carriages, and *bateaux mouches.* By chatting, arguing, and exchanging pleasantries with natives, I learned to my delight that the Left Bank was more Parisian than the Right; that ordinary *oeufs sur le plat* and *salade de tomates* were ambrosiacal and assuredly more than just eggs and tomatoes; that the subway was more attractive and comfortable than the New York variety, but that you needed a gas mask if traveling second class; that the lady concierges were addicted to beards and glared at you until you gave them *un petit franc,* at which point they displayed the most exquisite manners; that the wine was incomparable and the beer deplorable; that the French didn't like foreigners but were intrigued by them; that Paris was a most virtuous city (this is even more true today) because, unlike New York or London, where sex is indulged in for health or athletic reasons, it's very hard to get a woman to sleep with you; that it's either *le grand amour,* in which case the girl moves her belongings into your flat, whether invited to do so or not and

—By Virgil F. Partch, for "Nowhere Near Everest."

"Good luck, all!"

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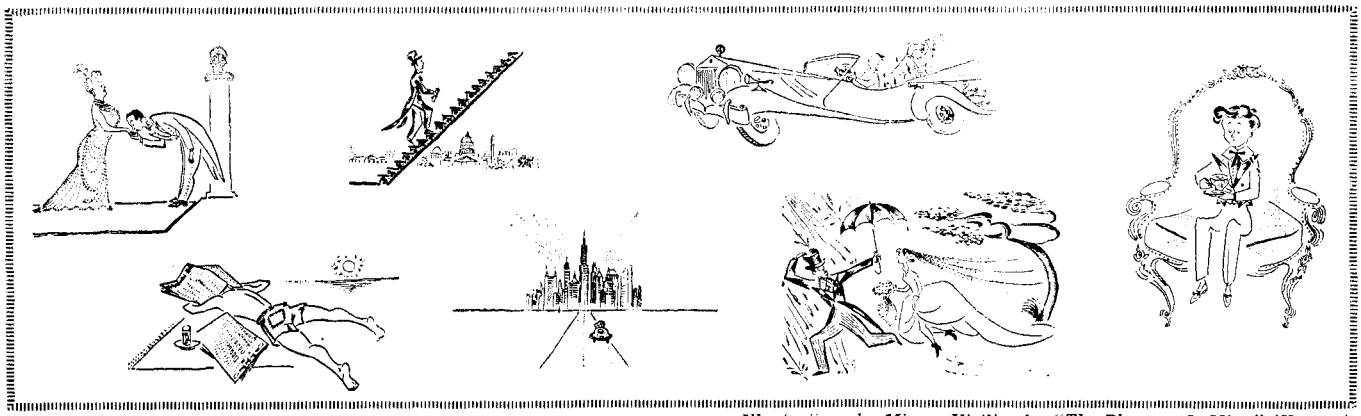

—Illustrations by Mircea Visiliu, for "The Pleasure Is Mine" (Harper).

starts darning your socks—or you've got to pay up; that kissing a girl in a café in full view of curious strangers was most agreeable; that some people eat to live, others live to eat, but the French *eat to eat* and no nonsense; that Paris dogs are the best front men and mixers of their kind—they sit outside their owners' cafés, make with the charm and lure the customers in; that Paris children are the best-looking in the world, which argues well for the city's future; that the prettiest American girls hung out in Rumpelmayer's tearoom or the Ritz and, galvanized by "Gay Pay-ree," were chronically on the make; that music was everywhere, from Salle Pleyel to Le Jockey in Montparnasse; that everybody gave parties and most everybody who knew how to kiss a lady's hand was invited; that taxis were cheap and unsafe and telephones bewildering and unreliable; that everyone gave and took, and no one *gave a damn*—in short, that Paris was Paradise.

—From "Passport to Paris," by Vernon Duke (Little, Brown).

Reading in Bed

FOR me the best bed books are those that deny the existence of tomorrow. To read in bed is to draw around us invisible, noiseless curtains. Then at last we are in a room of our own and are ready to burrow back, back, back to that private life of the imagination we all led as children and to whose secret satisfactions so many of us have mislaid the key. Not that the book need be "good." Indeed, like another bedtime favorite of mine, science fiction (some of it), it can be pleasant trash. But, "good" or "bad," it should act as a bridge, a middle term between the sharp fact of daily existence and the cloudy fact of the dream life. It must commit me to nothing, least of all to assent or contradiction. All the better if it be removed in some degree from my current time, my current place—life is too short for us to spend more than a few hours a day being up-to-date. Finally, it should not be in any way excessive, whether in humor or depth or even originality.

Nevertheless, if for you the World Almanac satisfies these conditions, then by all means bed yourself with the World Almanac. The books that do the job for me may quite well bore you to a catalepsy or infuriate you to a raging insomnia. The following paragraps may therefore be of no use to you. On the other hand, they may.

—From "Party of One," by Clifton Fadiman (to be published April 25 by World Publishing Co.)

The Literary Heights

THE completion of any written work brings to its author a sense of fulfilment. To a novelist who writes: "She rushed to his hungry arms and whispered: 'Darling, can you ever forgive me?'"—to the dictionary-compiler who writes: "ZYZZLE, 1 ziz'l; 2 zyz'l vi (zyzzled; zyzzling) (Prov. Eng.) Same as ZIZZLE"—to me writing: "I have never regretted it"—to each of us, in his own way, comes this moment of blissful release, of satisfaction at having told the full story and having rounded it off with artistry and grace.

I was not aware of the fleeting nature of this joy until I submitted this manuscript to a publisher and was called in to discuss it.

"There is very little in here about mountain-climbing," said the editor.

"Yes," I said proudly. "There is nothing in it about mountain-climbing."

"Could you work in something about mountain-climbing?" he asked.

"Hardly," I said, "since I have never climbed a mountain."

"There should be something about mountain-climbing," he insisted.

"But it is a book about non-mountain-climbing," I said. "Or, if you prefer, mountain-non-climbing."

"I prefer mountain-climbing," he said.

We sat for a while in thoughtful silence. Then he suggested:

"You could write something about a dream you had, a dream of climbing Mount Everest."

"I wouldn't dream of climbing Mount Everest," I said.

"We have a problem here," he mused. "I think it can be solved if you work more mountain-climbing into your book."

"Here," he said, dropping the manuscript into my lap. "Take it away and rewrite it. And don't forget! Mountain-climbing's the thing!"

—From "Nowhere Near Everest," by Maurice Dolbier; illustrated by Virgil F. Partch (to be published by Knopf on April 18).

Cockney as It Is Spoke

I HAVE seen with dismay that some excellent foreign writers have made the unpardonable mistake of stating that Cockney is "the language of the English working classes" in general. It is the language of *Londoners only*, and Londoners will tell you that only those born within the sound of Bow Bells are "true Cockneys"—"I scorn," says a writer of the year 1600, "to let a Bow-bell Cockney put me down"—though in recent times a generous extension of the term includes people born in the metropolitan area. If you are not born a Londoner you will never learn Cockney speech unless you are prepared to work hard, devote perhaps years of study to it, and have a gift for making an astonishing variety of sounds. Any expert in linguistics who has given this question attention will tell you that the phonetics, the pronunciation of the Cockney dialect of English, is extremely subtle and difficult. But it is not only pronunciation that makes I had to make my friend repeat the phrase "a very commeelfow bitta" a couple of times before I grasped that it was 'a very *comme il faut* bit of fluff' that was meant. The above is not a long speech. It takes fifteen seconds as spoken by a Cockney. Yet,

(*Continued on page* 41)

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FICTION

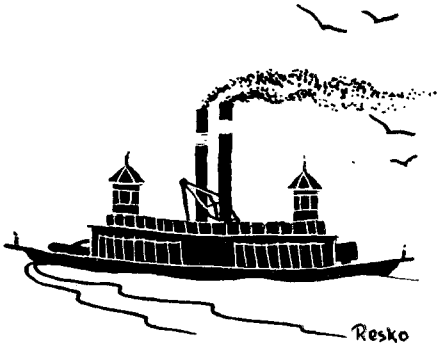
The Incomparable Welty

"The Bride of Innisfallen and Other Stories," by Eudora Welty *(Harcourt, Brace. 207 pp. $3.50), is a new collection of seven tales, short and not so short, from the pen of an uncommonly gifted virtuoso.*

By William Peden

IN RECENT years the name of Eudora Welty has virtually become synonymous with artistry, integrity, and intelligence in American fiction; any full-length book by the "Mississippi Marvel" is a literary event of magnitude. Miss Welty's first stories began appearing in the good magazines in the late Thirties. First published in book form ("A Curtain of Green") in 1941 with a warmly appreciative introductory essay by Katherine Anne Porter, they were enthusiastically and justifiably praised. With subsequent books of fiction like "The Wide Net," "Delta Wedding," and most recently "The Ponder Heart" Miss Welty has more than lived up to the expectations of her earliest admirers. In an age of increasing literary sensationalism, exhibitionism, commercialism, and vulgarity her work has been something to cherish.

But "The Bride of Innisfallen," her new collection of seven stories, short and not so short, is in some ways a disappointment, at least to this reviewer, who has to confess that he is often confused by certain aspects of Miss Welty's work. The title story is a richly allusive, lavishly embroidered account of a group of travelers, mostly Irish or Welsh but including an American young woman, enroute from Paddington to Fishguard to catch the *Innisfallen*, the boat to Cork. The group includes a man from Connemara whose commentary consists largely of variations of the epithet "*Oh* my God," a middle-aged lady who sticks out her tongue at "everything just left behind," a little boy who whistles "Funiculi, Funicula," a pregnant young woman, and a schoolgirl avidly reading "Black Stallions of the Downs." There is much—and magnificent—talk about kidnaping, and Killarney, and a poisoned parrot among other things. Finally the travelers arrive at Fishguard, board the *Innisfallen*, and the American young woman reaches her destination, where at the close of the story she sends her husband a portentous wire and walks meaningfully into the "lovely room full of strangers" of an Irish pub.



WITHIN this framework Miss Welty displays to the full her power of evoking a sense of place so real as to be almost magical. She is equally skilful in suggesting the essence of her numerous characters. But the story seems top-heavy, overburdened by a mass of detail and obscure or undecipherable symbol. Unnecessarily indirect and self-consciously elliptical, "The Bride of the Innisfallen" seems not so much a story as a highly specialized, highly *private* game. Only the initiated are invited to participate, the uninitiated can jolly well go about their own prosaic business. This excruciatingly perceptive story seems to be almost a parody of Miss Welty's effectively individualistic method; even after several readings I could neither accept it on a realistic level nor understand it on any other level.

It is difficult, however, to be objective about Miss Welty, whose devotees will probably hug "The Bride" to their bosoms. The collection as a whole certainly demonstrates that for sheer virtuosity and variety she is just about in a class by herself. This remarkable volume includes such diverse pieces as "Ladies in Spring" (Miss Welty is at her best in this portrayal of a small boy and his dad and Miss Hattie the p. o. lady and the girl that dad has been playing around with) and "Going to Naples" (a robust mock-epic of the love life of Gabriella Serto, one of the screamingest, bawlingest, and plumpest heroines of recent years). What a writer!

—*Arni.*

THE AUTHOR: Three novels and four short-story collections ago—the mid-Thirties, to be exact—Eudora Welty, by then an ex-radio writer and ex-freelance newspaperwoman, tried to crash literature with a handful of candid photographs of rural-Negro life in Mississippi. "I tried to *sell* those pictures to fiction editors," she reminisced the other day in her hometown of Jackson, "thinking or hoping if they liked my pictures (which I thought were fine) they might be inclined to take my stories (which I felt very dubious about, but I *wondered* about them—they being what I cared about), but they weren't decoyed. Once a year for three or four years I carried around the two bundles under arm on my two-weeks' trip to New York, and carried them home again—not much downcast, perhaps because I simply loved writing, and was going to do it anyway." Finally, one sunny day in 1936, *Manuscript*, which had never seen a photograph of hers, accepted "Death of a Traveling Salesman," and that was that. *The Southern Review* and *Prairie Schooner*, among others, promptly jumped on the bandwagon; by 1941 she had enough stories to publish "A Curtain of Green," which had the critics foaming with admiration. All sorts of accolades have since piled up: O. Henry prizes, two Guggenheim Fellowships, election in 1952 to the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and an honorary LL.D. in 1954 from Wisconsin, where she got her B.A. a quarter of a century earlier. Jackson (pop. 98,271, capital of Miss.) is her great love. "I never felt that anywhere but Jackson was my home and base," she said, then switched to her new book. "I tried some stories laid in locations new and strange to me (result of a Guggenheim, that let me go to Europe), and tackled with some pleasure the problems the stories set me of writing from the outside, where my honest viewpoint had to look in from. The inside kind of story, where the outside world is given, I'll always come back to, as I do in a number of stories in the new book; for the interior world is endlessly new, mysterious, and alluring." —BERNARD KALB.

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Daily Truths

"An Impossible Marriage," by Pamela Hansford-Johnson *(Harcourt, Brace. 344 pp. $3.75), is the story of Christine, a plain girl, who quickly decides she must have Ned, then slowly learns she does not want him.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

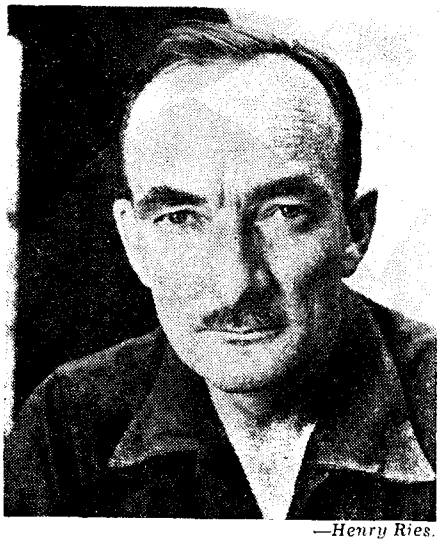
PAMELA HANSFORD-JOHNSON, an intelligent woman and a competent novelist, is more concerned with the day-to-day truths all of us half understand than with the unusual insights great writers and great phoneys try to discover and develop. Her new novel, "An Impossible Marriage," has "the ring of truth, which is often a dull one," yet Miss Johnson is a sufficiently skilled craftsman to maintain interest in a marriage which is possible enough to resemble most marriages without resorting to sensational trickery. She treats the familiar with unfamiliar common sense; her commonplace story of a marriage that didn't last avoids sentimental vapidity and tedium because Miss Johnson knows people, Freud, and her own limitations.

The main character, Christine, is a plain girl whose best friend, Iris, excites the "sacred fantasy" that she is at her graveside, "weeping bitterly because one so gentle and lovely should have died so young." When Christine discovers that Ned Skelton not only attracts her physically but is more attracted to her than to the conventionally pretty Iris the chance to marry him seems incredible luck. As their long engagement moves slowly along she discovers that Ned isn't what she had imagined him to be and almost breaks it off. But when Iris, appearing like the god from the machine, shows that she would like still to have Ned Christine decides to marry him no matter what and is committed to what becomes an impossible marriage.

What happens thereafter is interesting, well told, and thoroughly lacking in frenzy. Christine, while she awaits the birth of her first child, thinks that her life and Ned's is "a very ordinary life, perhaps no more unhappy, no more happy, than the lives of most married people. . . . Marriage was perhaps unexciting in its essence." Nevertheless, Christine can't stick out her marriage. After the child's birth Ned becomes as jealous of him as he had earlier been of his wife's friends. A long series of infinitesimal catastrophes occur; the marriage wanes and dissolves.

As you can see, the plot carries the reward of recognition rather than of discovery and is not too different from that of the commonplace novels one reads in women's magazines. But the reality of the characters—Christine, Iris, Dicky, Ned—and the overall sensible view of life Miss Johnson expresses through them distinguish "An Impossible Marriage" from the usual line of "women's novels." Self-pity, Christine says, is "neither a virtue nor a vice, but . . . an inevitable emotion." Another time, after having been wrong again, she says, "We cannot know people." And at the end of the book Christine, who certainly here expresses the view of the author, declares that to acknowledge guilt when no amends can be made is self-indulgence, not virtue.

In other words, "An Impossible Marriage" is an unpretentious and intelligent novel. Miss Johnson, who has written perceptively about Proust, Ivy Compton-Burnett, and Joyce Cary, would be the last to claim greatness for herself but she certainly deserves to have a high degree of competence claimed for her.



—Henry Ries.

John Masters—"gift for melodrama."

—Mark Gerson.

Pamela Hansford-Johnson—"ring of truth."

Mountain Jewel

"Coromandel!" by John Masters *(Viking Press. 347 pp. $3.95), is the romantic tale of a sixteenth-century Briton who finds an enormous treasure where he least expects to find one—in India's mountains.*

By Harrison Smith

THE 120 years from Clyde's defeat of the Nawab of Bengal in 1757, through the Sepoy Rebellion and the conquest of the sub-continent of India, to the firm establishment of the Empire under Queen Victoria is one of the most dramatic and fascinating periods in recorded history. It calls for a novelist who knows the land and the people intimately and who has a gift for melodrama and is not ashamed to use it; it is a magnificent source for stories which cannot be portrayed in pastel colors.

John Masters, born in Calcutta, fourteen years with the British Army, and the descendant of four generations of Englishmen who served in India, has the qualifications. He has planned to write a score of novels dealing with the British in India; four have been published within the last five years. He is willing to leap around in time and has tackled the Rebellion, the Stranglers or Thugees, India of ten years ago, and now in "Coromandel!" a story based on the early incursions of British merchantmen on the Indian coast.

The novel begins in an English village early in the seventeenth century. Its hero is a farmer's son, Jason Savage, a wild youth, who owns an old and vague map of Coromandel, with its City of Pearl and far in the distance the Himalaya Mountains. Killing a nobleman's son, he flees to London and joins the crew of a merchantman headed for Coromandel and Manairuppu, capital of one of its three warring kingdoms, at that time dominated by Portugal. Jason's rapid rise to power and wealth is due to his ignorance and naïveté, as well as his courage and ambition. The Portuguese Commander and the Indian ruler think that he is the ambassador of King Charles; the first offers him his half-blind daughter, Catherine, in marriage; the second presents him with the most exotic and intelligent of the temple prostitutes as a sign of royal favor. It goes without saying that both of them fall madly in love with him and that gold and jewels fill his coffers.

Soon Jason is the center of a three-cornered political conspiracy. He suggests to the Raja and his ministers an

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alliance between the kingdoms of Coromandel which will put an end to the Portuguese. It results in a battle, the massacre of the Raja's rivals, and the murder of Don Manoel d'Alvarez. Jason had to run for his life disguised as a native. The lovely but near-blind Portuguese girl finds him hiding in a pearl-fishing village along the river. Outside of killing Catherine or abandoning her to a fate worse than death there is no way Jason can get rid of her. Hand in hand they walk or join armed caravans all the way to the mountains, a thousand miles or more.

Finally, after many adventures, they find their way to the city of Agra. Using the ancient map of Coromandel, they climb the foothills and the mountains to try to find the fabled treasure. There is none; but Jason discovers at long last that Catherine is worth her weight in diamonds and gold.

Altogether "Coromandel!" is a strange as well as ingenious story which at times demands a good deal of patience on the part of the reader. Its moral seems to be that love conquers all. Jason, as the hero, is obsessed by his passion for wealth; Catherine, whose hand he has held for over countless miles of perilous journey, has some resemblance to the girl in the old melodrama "The Perils of Pauline." All she wants is Jason's soul and his love. Obviously, that is the treasure Jason finds on the cliffs of Mt. Meru.

Small-Town Terror

***"Violent Saturday," by W. L. Heath** (Harper. 218 pp. $3), reports the excitement that overtakes a small Alabama town when three bank robbers arrive to pull a job.*

By James Kelly

TRIVIA piled up can be a mountain, as in the best of the Hitchcock movies. For tightest development and resolution of any ominous situation witting and unwitting participants must never lose contact with their customary worries, secrets, and daily survival techniques. Keeping these two precepts in mind, a skilful writer like W. L. Heath (or William March or William Faulkner, for that matter) adds a contrapuntal impact to any theme. Successful tension tales of this pattern have been set in the sharp focus of a hotel room, a farmhouse, a ship at sea, a Chicago flat, even a rear window. In "Violent Saturday" the scene of the terror is the entire town of Morgan, Alabama (pop. 4,700). The characters are three bank robbers and selected citizens. The time is now, with all the action taking place during a certain Friday and Saturday.

This is a first novel; it is also one of the few *convincing* portraits of outward and inward life in a small Southern town. No fashionable fuzziness here. No decay among the magnolias or warmed-over racial issues. Characters are as big as life from life with emotional depth and humor all their own. Guided by the author's panoramic eye, a reader can easily follow their converging lives to a doomful rendezvous. When people talk or draw apart for interior soliloquy the effect is so true that one has an eerie notion he is listening to the words. Mr. Heath hears, sees, and writes with 20/20 clarity, a triple talent that serves him well in little and big scenes. He is presenting people, not fictional characters who must strike carefully prepared attitudes. And if some readers find that the interest of the sub-action flutters their attention from the central drama of a bank robbery in the making, why, that's not too bad, is it? At the zero hour with its moving aftermath nobody's attention will wander at all.

"Violent Saturday" begins when three strangers drop off the train one hot Friday afternoon and check into Morgan's only hotel. In a town this size people notice them. Especially Frank Dupree, the garrulous cab driver, and Old Sugarfoot, the Negro bellhop. Others, like wealthy Boyd Fairchild and his cain-raising wife, Emily; Shelley Martin, slow and easy family man; Harry Reeves, the local banker who spends his nights as a Peeping Tom outside the window of the town nurse; and Elsie Cotter, frenzied remnant of an old family who is trying to decide whether to return a purse she has found, would certainly have paid more attention to the strangers if they could have looked ahead twenty-four hours. For this is the time picked to pull the robbery, a time to mean death, anguish, or paralyzing shock for everybody in this group.

Outwardly life seems to carry on unchanged. Boyd and Emily spend Friday night at a drunken country-club party, with the usual dalliances and next-day hangovers. Sugarfoot sits dully on his chair in an aura of bootleg corn, but he knows now that there is a sawed-off shotgun in the suitcase upstairs. Harry Reeves prowls furtively in the rainy night. Shelley, soon to meet the challenge of his career, drinks beer on his front porch and thinks about going fishing. And the three outsiders rehearse their plan, endure the next fretfully, resent each other. None of these people would be doing what they were doing if they knew what was in store or how the others would react to danger.

So inexorably the climactic moment rolls around. The principals are swept

(*Continued on page* 30)

Easter

(Eastre, Anglo-Saxon Goddess of Spring)

By Dilys Laing

REDEMPTIVE fingers of the goddess turn
the key that shifts the tumblers. Toward the tomb
three figures walk in frieze, as on an urn,
to claim their remnant of official doom.
But love has still another grief to learn:
stalactite in the grave's abandoned gloom
only the seraph seems to hang and burn.

Twice put in jeopardy and both times caught,
they stand condemned. Love has escaped their care.
But, cast to earth like corn, he has been brought
to rise again: green bread upon the air.
The angel fades like a nocturnal thought
at morning, and the women run to share
the tidings of the joy his lips have taught.

She who has weighed the women and their grief
moved with the angel past the portal stone
and at the icy root unlocked the leaf
In secret, so that death was overthrown.
She is the treasure's keeper and its thief.
Hers is the name with which the rock is sown,
whose lilies are the bells of our belief.

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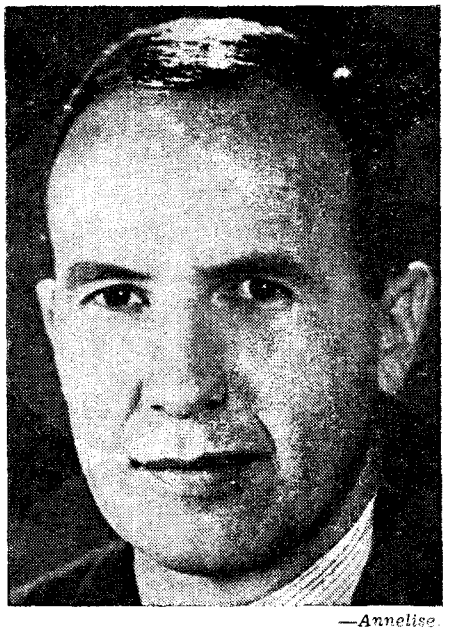
Political Mood at Mid-Scale



—Annelise

Clinton Rossiter—"clear, convincing."

"Conservatism in America," by Clinton Rossiter *(Alfred A. Knopf. 327 pp. $4), is an attempt to define the conservative tradition in the United States and to chart a course for its exercise now and in the future. President Gordon Keith Chalmers of Kenyon College, our reviewer, is the author of "The Republic and the Person."*

By Gordon Keith Chalmers

THE distinguished accomplishment of Clinton Rossiter's "Conservatism in America" is a scrupulous definition of terms, an analysis of conservatism and its variants, and a succinct record of some central facts of American political history. Conservatism Mr. Rossiter locates at mid-point in a scale of seven political moods and philosophies but, being an American and recognizing that our tradition is as much liberal as conservative, he really sets liberalism and conservativism together in the middle, saying:

> The essential difference between conservatism and liberalism is one of mood and bias. No line separates one camp from the other, but somewhere between them stands a man who is at once the most liberal of the conservatives and most conservative of the liberals. In genuine liberals there is a strain of conservativism, in genuine convervatives a strain of liberalism . . . . . .

To Mr. Rossiter's left lie Radicalism and Revolutionary Radicalism; to his right, Standpatism, Reaction, and Revolutionary Reaction. In view of the current effort of demagogues and others to gain political power by accusations and mere negatives Mr. Rossiter makes an important comparison of Revolutionary Radicalism and Revolutionary Reaction, each "willing and even anxious to use violence in its assault on the existing order. Indeed," he continues, "liberals and conservatives, defenders of change and stability in a peaceful society, cannot find much to choose between two isms that roam so far beyond the pale of civilized conduct and purpose . . . The political spectrum goes from left to right around the rim of a circle. The two-way street between Communism and Nazism is a good deal shorter than some people seem to think . . . ."

The American conservative, says Mr. Rossiter, is dedicated to the defense of liberty, the liberal, to its expansion. That romantic illusion of French revolutionaries equality is the enemy, not the companion, of liberty; its modern political name is security. The late Senator Taft gave a "candid conservative's formula for widespread security": "If liberty prevails unimpaired everyone who deserves security will have security." Like Mr. Taft, Mr. Rossiter warns conservatives of their duty to construct a welfare society while avoiding the threat to liberty of the welfare state.

This political book is firmly rooted in a clear account of the nature of man and rightly describes the great contemporary contest of political philosophies in ethical terms. The conservative holds that men are dual by nature, inclined both to rise and to fall; that equality, though useful for political and social reasons, is not a natural condition of men and is less important than liberty; that the majority, like a man, is potentially a tyrant; that rights are earned, not given; and that property has a necessary relation to liberty, order, and progress. While his references to religion sometimes adopt the anthropologist's tone, as when he substitutes the phrase "religious feeling" for religion, Mr. Rossiter recognizes the dependence of liberty and justice upon religion and the churches; and his allusion to the higher law is humanistic in the classic sense of that abused term.

ON THE whole Mr. Rossiter avoids the antiquarian nostalgia of many current essays on conservatism, but even he slips now and then into the pedantry of the gospel whose center is tradition and whose book is the past. Praise of the thin-blooded Henry Adams with his yearning for the thirteenth century and some elements in agrarianism suggest this. So does his inference that "culture" is the social preserve of "intellectuals." Political scientists will not like to see Herbert Spencer and Andrew Carnegie ranked with conservatives. All men are tempted to unite in their dislikes and fears. Mr. Rossiter, on the other hand, proposes that conservativism is affirmative as well as negative and suggests but does not develop the positive philosophy which inspires it.

How desperately we need such a philosophy is evident if we observe the confusion in American education. If purposeful conservatism is to be understood as a faith to live by, rather than a series of respectable compromises with social change, it must be *imagined*. What loyalties and critical human knowledge are necessary to nurture the disciplined imagination? Responsible imagination and its ethical task are not easy to define; but it is necessary at least to describe them. When such description is accomplished it will be possible to say something viable about education and its present frantic lack of direction. For education can never fulfil its national and world responsibilities nor its obligations to the individual by the formula suggested by Mr. Rossiter—mere arbitration between Deweyites and anti-Deweyites in their academic brannigan.

Our contemporaries have been at a loss even to name the positive element of conservatism. It is well named in Walter Lippmann's latest book, in which he affirms that "the public philosophy of civility" has existed for centuries and is still available. Why do conservatives believe this to be true? And what is the faith necessary to revival and renewal of this public philosophy? Mr. Rossiter has not only outlined in convincing fashion the historical fact that one strain of American political life has assumed the existence of the public philosophy; he has also demonstrated the necessity of a new exposition of the reason for our faith in it.

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Our Foreign Policy

***"America's Rise to World Power," by Foster Rhea Dulles** (Harper. 314 pp. $5), tells the story of the emergence of the United States as a world power since 1898. Our reviewer is Professor Dexter Perkins of Cornell University, author of "The Evolution of American Foreign Policy" and other books.*

By Dexter Perkins

FOSTER RHEA DULLES'S "America's Rise to World Power" compresses into a single volume the epic story of the emergence of the United States as a world power. And it does this in masterly fashion. Not only the bare diplomatic story but the movement of public opinion, the more general background of ideas, and the interplay of political and economic forces are treated. More important than this, Professor Dulles observes a fine balance between that pallid "objectivity" which leaves the reader with no judgments whatsoever on anything and that dogmatism and partisanship which all too often characterize the analysis of our foreign policy. Indeed, the outstanding characteristic of this book is the judicious way in which controversial matters are handled, from the discussion of American interest in expansion after the Spanish-American War through the mazes of Wilsonian diplomacy, the retreats of the Twenties and the early Thirties, and the new challenges of the Roosevelt and Truman periods.

Best of all, in fact, is the manner in which Professor Dulles judges the character of our diplomacy. There has been much discussion of recent years centering about the alleged naïveté and clumsiness of American foreign policy. Critics like George F. Kennan and Professor Hans J. Morgenthau have sharply condemned its moralistic and legalistic character. Professor Dulles places this issue in a perspective that deserves to be appreciated. The arguments of Kennan and Morgenthau, he says, appear "to ignore what was nonetheless a fact because it had idealistic overtones. The historical record clearly showed that the immediate national interest, *although never forgotten* [the italics are the reviewer's], did not constitute the furthest limit in American thinking on international affairs. And in the development of foreign policy this attitude of mind had always to be taken into consideration. The American people, that is, had repeatedly demonstrated a belief in ethical purpose that was something more than an intoxication with moral abstractions, or a rationalization of popular ambition for national power and economic advantage." So, indeed, it has been, and so it probably will be. And not only the United States but the Western world as a whole is safer because these things are true, and because they help to explain the American course of action.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"The Brickbats Go with the Job."

AT every stage this book provokes reflection. But many readers will be especially interested in the fine closing chapter on contemporary, or nearly contemporary, events. Perhaps here Professor Dulles does not emphasize sufficiently the steady development of a foreign policy that transcends the narrow boundaries of partisanship and presents an increasingly coherent picture of American purpose to the world at large. But he is right in setting off against one another the highly injudicious efforts of Secretary Dulles to embark upon new policies, rolling back in the Iron Curtain, involvement in the Indochinese war, massive retaliation and the like, and the far more statesmanlike and restrained policies of the President himself. If, as most of us have come to assume, the interests of the free world, and particularly the interests of the Atlantic community, are one then it behooves us to fashion American policy in a pattern of genuine cooperation, and not of arrogant nationalism. This, certainly, is one of the key issues of the period in which we live. In making it clear, in stressing the necessity for understanding with our allies, Professor Dulles performs a genuine service. But the whole book is a notable contribution to the education of the American people in a field of major importance and of portentous implications.

Notes

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR: During the last war the country's conscientious objectors—given first the choice of prison or lumber camps in the north woods—were allowed to volunteer for work in mental institutions, where male attendants were scarce because of the draft. Among those who took this offer was Victor Chapin, a young actor and dedicated pacifist. In **"The Hill"** (Rinehart, $3) he hides the identity of the institution in which he labored during 1943-1944, but he etches an existence that is part snake-pit (he was almost beaten to death by one crafty patient) and part sorrow and affection for the unhappy people entrusted to his care. But, as Judge Curtis Bok says in a foreword, the book is more than the mental searchings of a c.o., or even life in a mental hospital. For the sensitive young author, already burdened by guilt feelings, finds the strain of such work driving him away from reality, just as surely as some of his charges had left it. "It has swallowed us up," he tells a co-worker. "It's all negative here." Shortly he suffers a breakdown and, a certified 4F, is allowed to return to the free world again. He writes a lean and penetrating prose that indicates good things to come from Victor Chapin, now the catharsis is over.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

THE NISEI IN WARTIME: Fighting for democratic ideals in World War II, the United States took an hysteria-dominated flyer in totalitarianism at home by the mass exile of its Japanese-Americans on the West Coast. James Edmiston's it-did-happen-here story of our tragic relapse from democracy, **"Home Again"** (Doubleday, $4) is chillingly recounted in a thinly fictionalized story of a typical uprooted Nisei family. The Mios, who cleared the land by stoop labor, sent their children to American schools and became American in their ideals, became post-Pearl Harbor victims of a guilt-by-blood frenzy. But the Mios and thousands of other Nisei, with the help of many other Americans who were conscience-stricken by the War Relocation Authority philosophy, put up a fight for their democratic rights, which ultimately turned the mass exile into a victory for fair play and justice. Mr. Edmiston knows his Japanese-Americans well, and he writes of them with sensitivity and understanding. Mr. Edmiston presents his vast mass of raw documentation in the form of fiction, a device that blunts and diffuses the book's total emotional force. —ALDEN WHITMAN.

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AMERICANA

Revolutionary Addenda

"From Lexington to Liberty," by Bruce Lancaster *(Doubleday. 470 pp. $6), and* ***"The Forgotten Leaders of the Revolution," by Howard Swiggett*** *(Doubleday. 284 pp. $4), are new additions to the shelf about 1776 and all that, the first concentrating on military matters, the latter on personalities. George Scheer, who reviews both books here, has published a number of articles on the American Revolution.*

By George Scheer

FOR the expanding shelves of Dewey classification 973.3 we have two new volumes, one a general history by novelist Bruce Lancaster and the other an excursion into lesser-known personalities of the period by Howard Swiggett, novelist and author of nonfiction in fields as diverse as the border warfare of the Revolution and the French Foreign Legion.

Mr. Lancaster's "From Lexington to Liberty," third in the Mainstream of America Series, presents no new facts or conclusions but is written with zest and unflagging interest, clear and easy to comprehend. It is confined almost entirely to an account of the military conflict on land, an area covered in recent seasons by Willard Wallace, Lynn Montross, and the late Christopher Ward. While their works may better satisfy the scholarly demands of specialists, it is quite probable that the broad audience for whom the Mainstream books are designed will find Mr. Lancaster's easy-going, well-tailored narrative more to its liking.

It will not take an expert, however, to recognize that the publisher's claim for this volume is extravagant in view of the author's own self-imposed limitations. A volume which deals very lightly with all but military affairs cannot possibly bring us closer to an understanding of the reasons and results of the American Revolution "than we have ever been before." It has little to say about the ideological conflict between America's radicals and conservatives, British policy and crisis, the internationality of the struggle, the tangle of diplomatic affairs, naval action, inflation, or any of the great changes wrought by the war in social and political institutions and beliefs. Without a doubt the correlation of these other significant aspects of the Revolutionary epoch with American military affairs would have broadened the book immeasurably.

This is not to say that it is utterly lacking in non-military background. In several concise chapters, sufficient for a work of this general nature, the author outlines the complex years leading to war and introduces with pronounced skill men who figure large in subsequent events. Necessary compression sometimes leads him to create false impressions. On the other hand, Mr. Lancaster does not place all the blame for the war upon that "old debbil" George III, his ministerial tools, or an evil Parliament, but balances nicely the areas of responsibility both in England and in the colonies and neatly pricks some legends like that of the triangular trade of rum, slaves, and molasses between New England, Africa, and the West Indies, a pretty hypothesis accepted by not a few professionals. Throughout the text brief reference is made to other civil matters, but usually in a most cursory manner.

MR. Lancaster has set out to write a military history and as such "From Lexington to Liberty" is largely reliable, effectively balanced, and highly readable. Although it is based on extensive, informed reading, its approach is essentially traditional, so that here we see Paul Revere arranging for the showing of the famous lanterns and on the next page appearing in the long-rejected stance of Longfellow's poem, on the opposite shore, watching with eager search the belfry-tower of the Old North Church. And, while he accepts recent conclusions about Benedict Arnold's behavior at Freeman's Farm, the author has not utilized recent researches into the British strategy of 1777 contributing to Burgoyne's defeat. Similarly, he makes the traditional accusation that before the battle of Long Island General Washington cavalierly and stupidly dismissed the volunteer cavalry that might have saved him, a charge that is questionable. But these and others are points for pedants. In the main no reader will find himself far from the actualities of the war in Mr. Lancaster's narrative.

Washington—"traditional accusation."

Because "From Lexington to Liberty" is a book whose announced purpose is "a new approach" to American history "in terms of people and in the exciting form of a narrative" a word about its literary style will not be amiss. To enliven it Mr. Lancaster has resorted to permissible dramatization, well within the bounds of historical responsibility, and has brought out often fresh color in uniform, dress, speech, and personal appearance in an enormous cast of characters, and he ties them firmly to place and terrain. The man is a storyteller; he can summon action from almost any event however static. Only awkward familiarities mar his otherwise easy narrative. Reference to fat, old British Colonel Francis Smith, who marched on Concord, as "Frankie Smith" and many similar stylistic crudities destroy much of the effectiveness of otherwise well-executed scenes.

In contrast to Mr. Lancaster's general history, Mr. Swiggett's "The Forgotten Leaders of the Revolution" is a chaotic scrapbook of trivia, baffling in form and value. In some relatively unexplored manuscript collections, principally in New York and Philadelphia, Mr. Swiggett came upon "some wonderful trifles of insight" into the lives of a number of men who had served variously during the Revolution but were perhaps more prominent in the affairs of the young republic. His findings he has grouped

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The Maidens Are Coming

THE EDITORS feel privileged to announce progress in a project which began almost two years ago.

On the occasion of our last visit to Hiroshima, in 1953, we became aware of a group known as the "Hiroshima Maidens." They consisted of some two dozen girls ranging in age from nineteen to twenty-four. At the time of the explosion in 1945 most of the girls had just arrived at a public school less than half a mile from the center of the explosion. All but a few had been in the school basement, taking care of the various chores involved in starting up the school day—getting chalk or erasers or other classroom equipment. When the bomb burst they rushed upstairs to find that the school had been totally demolished and that most of the students and teachers had been killed.

In their rush for safety, the girls became trapped in the debris. All of them were badly burned or irradiated or both. Those who survived, like many thousands of other sufferers, received little or no medical or hospital treatment. The problem of caring for more than 100,000 survivors was far beyond the capacity of the emergency medical crews. The U.S. Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, set up by Act of Congress, lacked sanction to treat the victims directly, but did what it could by making information available to Japanese medical personnel.

In any event, as late as September 1953 people were still suffering from the effects of the bombing. Perhaps the most poignant of these sufferers were those known as the Hiroshima Maidens. They had reached marrying age but were so badly scarred or disfigured that they felt self-conscious about appearing in public. Some had obtained jobs as seamstresses or factory workers but were compelled to give up their work because of the contractions resulting from their burns. As the muscles and skin contracted, the legs, arms, and fingers tended to lose mobility.

The girls had withdrawn almost totally from community life, seeking the company of each other and living on such meager subsistence as they were able to obtain from family and friends. They found a benefactor and champion in the person of the Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, Methodist minister who was one of the key figures in John Hersey's "Hiroshima." Mr. Tanimoto devoted himself to the welfare of his new charges, finding work for them that did not involve their infirmities, giving them psychological and spiritual rehabilitation, and providing for their recreation. He also started a public campaign to send some of the girls to Osaka or Tokyo for plastic surgery.

On the occasion of our fourth visit to the city, in September 1953, we met the Hiroshima Maidens at the Reverend Mr. Tanimoto's church. By this time they had achieved renewed confidence in themselves. They were far less self-conscious than they had once been and had no hesitation in walking through the streets. Once a week they would go to the moving-picture theatre to see American films. "We like to see the pretty American girls and imagine that we are they," one of the girls said.

"The big problem now with the girls," Mr. Tanimoto said, "is medical treatment. We do not have the means to go much further with plastic surgery. The girls who have had such surgery show much improvement but it is a very complicated and expensive business. Each case requires several operations and I am afraid I do not know where I can turn."

WE ASKED Mr. Tanimoto if he would welcome efforts in the United States to bring the Maidens to America for the full course of surgery and hospital care. He replied that this had been his dream from the first moment he became fully aware of the nature of the girls' problem. Apart from everything else, he felt that the project could become a powerful symbol of good will. Such a symbol was urgently needed in view of ugly movements against the United States then starting up in Japan.

"People are saying," he continued, "that the United States knew in July 1945 that the war against Japan would have been over in a matter of weeks, but that the United States wanted to end the war in a matter of days before Russia came in as she had agreed to do when the war in Europe ended.

"I do not speculate on such things because I have no knowledge," he added. "But what I do know is that the American people have been just and generous to Japan in defeat. And I have great confidence in America, for I have studied there and been there since the end of the war. I am certain that if by some miracle these girls could be given the medical treatment they so badly need, it

". . . so badly disfigured that they felt self-conscious about appearing in public."

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Years after the explosion "contractions" from the burns prevent the use of hands.

would be a wonderful thing for both countries. Of course I would welcome your efforts in this direction. Is it at all possible?"

We told Mr. Tanimoto that we would be glad to explore the matter, but we had no way then of estimating its chances.

The natural agency in the United States to handle this project, we felt, was the Hiroshima Peace Center Associates, a group of Americans interested in Hiroshima who had administered the Moral Adoptions Plan started by the readers of *The Saturday Review* in 1949. The HPCA board agreed to sponsor the project.

During the first six months after our return from Japan things went slowly—dismally so. We went to foundation after foundation, seeking money for doctors, surgeons, hospital care, home care, transportation. And foundation after foundation turned us down. One was fearful that if one of the Maidens died on the operating table the foundation would be held responsible. Another foundation was concerned about the political views of the girls and was reluctant to furnish ammunition to some future Congressional investigating committee. Still another felt that, unless all the Hiroshima victims could be cared for, it might be a mistake to do something for any single group. Any number of foundations expressed sympathy, but said their charters did not provide for mercy projects of this particular nature.

THEN things began to look up. *The Saturday Review*'s physician, Dr. William M. Hitzig, said he believed that some of America's most eminent plastic surgeons might be willing to volunteer their services. He said he would also be glad to bring the project to the attention of the director and board of the Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York, with which he was affiliated. The discussions with the surgeons and hospital were most satisfactory. Dr. Arthur J. Barsky, of New York, one of the nation's most prominent plastic surgeons, agreed to take charge of all operative work. He will be assisted by members of his staff. The Mt. Sinai Hospital volunteered to supply operating facilities and hospital bed-care free of charge. Since four or five operations per patient may be necessary, it is possible that each girl may have to spend four to six months in the hospital. It may take a year before the party can return to Japan. Thus, the contribution of the surgeons and hospital is both substantial and heroic.

Having gone this far, three jobs remained: transportation, out-of-hospital care and lodging, petty cash fund. The transportation problem held up the progress of the project for more than a year. We tried the airlines, only to run into official regulations concerning free passage. We went back to the foundations, with no greater success than before. Then we had the good fortune to discuss the project with Miss Janet Tobitt, one of the "moral adoptions" parents who had recently returned from a year's work in Japan as director of the American Girl Scout Association, Far East. Miss Tobitt suggested that Mr. Kiyoshi Togasaki, resourceful president of the *Nippon Times*, English language newspaper of Tokyo, might be persuaded to work on the transportation problem. It turned out to be an inspired idea. Mr. Togasaki explored every approach, first making certain that the plan to bring the girls to America had the blessings of the American Embassy and the Japanese Government itself. His solution to the transportation riddle was as ingenious as it was effective. He went to General J. E. Hull (U.S. Army, Far East Command) and asked whether the U.S. Air Force would fly the girls. General Hull wanted the most detailed information; Mr. Togasaki took off for Hiroshima in quest of same. When he returned to Tokyo and put the matter before General Hull again the answer was Yes.

While in Hiroshima, Mr. Togasaki met with Mayor Shinzo Hamai and the Reverend Mr. Tanimoto. In writing to us about his visit he said it was the feeling of the Japanese that the American doctors ought to come to Hiroshima in order to pass on the girls who were being screened for the trip. It was believed that everything ought to be done to avoid sending any maiden to the U.S. unless there was a reasonably good chance that her disfiguration or contractions might respond to surgery. Also, it was important to have advance American medical opinion on the general health of the girls.

Another suggestion made by Mr. Togasaki was that two or three Japanese surgeons be permitted to accompany the party on the trip to the U.S. and be given opportunity to study American plastic surgery techniques at first hand. Then, on their return to Japan, the surgeons could work with other sufferers.

These suggestions were readily accepted by the American Committee. Both Dr. Barsky and Dr. Hitzig swallowed hard when they were asked to give up a month's practice in addition to paying all their expenses to Japan, but recognized the validity of the special considerations mentioned by Mr. Togasaki. They agreed to undertake the trip if we would accompany them. Mt. Sinai Hospital agreed to offer full hospitality to the Japanese surgeons accompanying the Maidens.

This completes the plan for the project. (The petty-cash fund ought to present no problem.) By the time this issue appears Dr. Hitzig, Dr. Barsky, and the writer should be on a Pan-American "Strato" Clipper, destination: Tokyo. If all goes well, we will be returning to the U.S. with the Hiroshima Maidens by the end of the month.

One final note: the man who first did something specific about the plight of the Maidens, the Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, has been asked to join the group and will act as guide and spokesman for the girls. He has written to say he is a very happy man. —N. C.

The Tanager

By Constance Carrier

DUN-COLORED birds, the days
fly past in endless flocks,
the rushing of their wings
like water over rocks,
a sound the silence mocks.

till, sudden in that gray
monotonous as mist,
there darts the scarlet bird
you thought could not exist,
and perches on your wrist.

Though he is swiftly gone,
and none comes as he came.
wrist felt his lively weight,
eyes have beheld him, tame
a moment, and the heart
has quickened to his flame.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

TOO MUCH COLONIALISM

PHILIP WOODRUFF's article "Votes, Wizards, Roads, and Bread" [*SR* Mar. 12] was an able defense of colonialism. But in describing English experience in India, is Woodruff justified in his generalizations and their implied extension to all Asia? He claimed India was stagnant, and that stagnation bred cruelty and callousness to human life, as in the practice of *suttee*. That may be true. Yet Spain at her zenith under Philip II permitted the burning of heretics, and did not English insistence on the importation of opium into China after the Opium War show a certain callousness?

Woodruff claimed the English brought India order and unity, and made an invidious companion with China, a country which did not "follow the colonial way." True, China retained her sovereignty, partly because she was considered too great a prize for concession to one power, and one only. But her final fall, after many intra-colonial squabbles, can more justly be blamed on too much colonialism rather than too little, and she was later on a battlefield for Japanese colonial ambitions from 1931 on. Significantly, Mr. Woodruff did not mention Japan, which arrived at industrial maturity without benefit of colonialism—benevolent or otherwise.

Woodruff told of the English development, in India, of a polished, literate, educated class. Japan possesses one of the highest literacy rates in the world. China, where the governing class has always been polished and highly literate, developed a group educated, too, in the Western humanities and sciences. Even before the Republic the Chinese Imperial Examinations represented an ideal by no means unworthy. Scholars who succeeded in the rigorous examinations, after years of study in Chinese history, philosophy, and literature, passed by merit alone. That government should devolve upon these mandarins was a recognition of the superior claims of merit and learning over birth and wealth. And has not Woodruff, in this generation, heard of the Chinese literary renaissance inspired by such scholars as Hu Shih, or of the mass education movement carried on by James Yeu?

Woodruff managed to paint a picture of paternal colonialism, by a careful selection of examples, but his tone of avuncular patronage was disconcerting, and made me feel that, if the "fork of the colonial power is hard," the lot of the colonized is unenviable.

B. L. CHANN.

Oakland, Calif.

CORRECT SOURCE

BERTRAND RUSSELL in his editorial "Can The Liberal Survive?" [*SR* Mar. 19] attributes to Goering the saying "When I hear the word culture I reach for my revolver." Not long ago Gilbert Highet used this remark on the radio, and also credited Goering. It is also attributed to Goebbels and sometimes to Hitler himself.

Since the saying seems to sum up so strikingly the nihilistic savagery of the totalitarian outlook, and is so often repeated, it might be interesting to get it straight. It was coined by Hanns Johst, a favorite scribbler of the Nazi era, and what he said was: *"Wenn ich das Wort Kultur hoere, entsichere ich meinen Revolver"*—"When I hear the word culture I take the safety catch off my revolver."

RICHARD HANSER.

Larchmont, N.Y.

"Figure it out for yourself: There are getting to be more and more of us. Sabre-tooth tigers are getting scarcer and scarcer. Obviously in another few years the human race will have starved itself out of existence."

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

IN SPITE of the occasional rashes that come out on nations, such as our own recent one that is now petering out, I am firmly convinced that liberals (and common sense) will survive. As Bertrand Russell points out, there is a balance to be achieved between individuals and governmental ideals, and I believe we are achieving it. As a point for thought, I might suggest a recent step taken, by our own Government, and one which other nations can copy with pride. It is the establishment of an office in our governing body for the specific goal of peace.

ATLANTIS HALLAM.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

LIBERALS IN OPPOSITION

I WANDERED from the Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore to Papua with Bertrand Russell, and somewhere, in a fog, lost Russell's liberal. Loose usage of the label "liberal" obscures the two poles of "liberalism." The label "liberal" confuses; it has become a malaprop; it deserves clarification.

Walter Lippmann has analyzed liberalism in a way Russell could follow. Liberalism possesses two central ideas, one which demands the individual be permitted to live in a condition of freedom, and another that free man contributes most to humanity. Each idea is noble. However, a condition of freedom is sometimes too difficult for people. The unscrupulous have too often considered freedom as the highway to individual gains rather than common benefits. And how to cope with this dilemma has proven too much for all protagonists of liberalism. Instead of finding a center of gravity, the two camps of liberalism are in constant opposition.

JOE M. TOCKMAN.

Las Vegas, N. M.

CATEGORICAL PUBLIC SCHOOL

BERTRAND RUSSELL, like all liberal philosophers from the beginning of history, is in search of a conceptualized, affirmative, concrete formula to reconcile, to synthesize, to equate "liberty" and "discipline"—so far, admittedly, without result. Nevertheless, Russell gropes in the right direction: "From the beginning of civilized times," says Russell, "there has been an oscillation between emphasis on individual liberty and emphasis on order."

The public school does not resolve all the antinomies of civilization, but it is universally acknowledged as a *sine qua non*, a categorical imperative in the progress of civilization and the balance of "liberty" and "discipline."

PHILIP WEISS.

St. Louis, Mo.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Golden Ghetto

***"A Lost Paradise," by Samuel Chotzinoff** (Alfred A. Knopf. 383 pp. $3.95), recounts the boyhood on New York's lower East Side of a leading American musician and music critic. It is reviewed below by Marcia Davenport, the novelist, who is the daughter of Alma Gluck and has moved in the world of music all her life.*

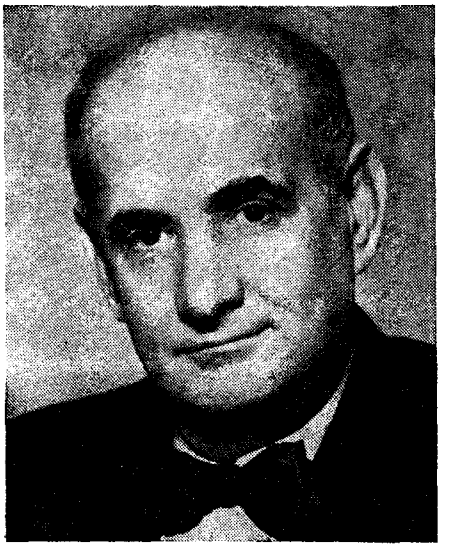
By Marcia Davenport

OCCASIONALLY there appears a beautifully written book of such intimate communicativeness and sincerity that its early readers delight in its discovery and increase their own pleasure by assuring their friends that here is a book absolutely not to be missed. "A Lost Paradise," by Samuel Chotzinoff, is one of these rare joys. It is gentle, it is genuine, it is a heart-warming experience of physical and emotional immediacy, offering that participation in the stuff of life which only whole honesty of mind and spirit can provide.

Measured against the legion of talented, immensely successful Americans whose origins and early lives parallel Mr. Chotzinoff's it is only natural to inquire whether he has much to tell that has not been told many times before. The answer is not only that he has, but that as man and artist there is only one Samuel Chotzinoff. He weaves a spell of quiet magic, in which everything seems new against the multifarious familiarities of the lower East Side at the turn of the century, amid the swarmed, packed Russian Jews smelling of "ship," whose stories have been told and retold. It is within this setting that these early reminiscences of a boy's life reach us limpid and true.

Others bred in that teeming medium have also given us pictures of tragicomedy sharpened by hunger, poverty, and the clamorous family life of ghetto Jews. But Samuel Chotzinoff's world beyond all these ingredients holds many more. His family, wildly complicated in relationships and contrasting (when not warring) in temperaments, becomes altogether different. His poverty pinches his reader, too. His joys are sweeter, his sorrows, exquisitely understated, more poignant. Through the emotions of a sensitive, deeply responsive child we come to know each person in this richly crowded book as a fully-dimensioned individual. We are caught in the fragile web of a boy's dreams and aspirations. We are suspended in the interplay between his wondering naïveté and those quick ducks into self-preservation which mean survival among the very poor. A boy's yearning towards the beautiful, when all of beauty that he has ever perceived is the sunset from the west window of a verminous three-room tenement flat, draws us close to his love for the elder sister, a sweatshop cigarette-maker, who pointed this out to him. As he met them the deep things of life all seemed equally beautiful, equally gripping, equally beckoning, whether they were music first heard from a barrel-organ, "Hamlet" first seen in a Yiddish theatre, Dickens from a neighborhood public library—even Death across the street.

THE gentle nostalgia of this book is infectious. It is manifestly not an easy fate to have been born in Vitebsk in the Russian Pale of a rabbinical father and a colorful mother ingenious at battling everything from her own husband to the debts and the bedbugs of the slums. It was not easy to move amidst a huge family to the foul tenements of the Golden Land, with an involuntary, pathetically hilarious stopover in the London ghetto. Eight people cannot live graciously in three dank rooms, nor are four kitchen chairs a comfortable bed for a little boy. There were many flaws in Public School No. 2; in Miss Taffel's piano lessons at ten cents apiece; in Mrs. Zamoshkin's "Freedom Method" which followed, with bad results all to be unlearned later. A diet of Kosher delicatessen meats from the family store washed down with raspberry soda and sarsaparilla was not ideal for a growing child.



Samuel Chotzinoff—"wholehearted."

But Samuel Chotzinoff thought it all wonderful at the time; and now in quiet retrospect he thinks it more wonderful still, and has lovingly recalled it in an effortless, polished prose that is a delight to read. The people, the life, the scenes of which he writes teem with passion, suffering, quarrelsomeness, with intense emotions intensely expressed. The scene is crowded, noisy with laughter and argument, packed with the tastes and smells and crudities of Jewish life in desperate poverty. But it is all told to us with warm serenity reflective of a finely cultivated mind and of tastes formed by early initiation and lifelong saturation in the classics of literature, drama, and music.

The last was the lodestar by which the boy was to reach beyond the tight little world that he writes about, helped by the anarchistic Mr. Plesch, the benevolent Madam Franko, Katz's Music Store, and the makers of Bromo-Seltzer, who gave away sheet-music with every bottle of headache medicine. But, though we leave him on the evening of his debut as a concert pianist at the age of sixteen, playing a Mozart concerto with a real orchestra at the Educational Alliance, it is not as a musician that he has written, and it is not as a musician that he should be read. He is a writer of rare tenderness and humor.

The book's appeal is its humanity, its evocation of that warmth embraced in the inimitable word "folksy." It may well be that readers to whom the Jewish world is foreign will take the greatest pleasure in this, for theirs will be the keenest delights of discovery. In justice to the author and to the readers of this journal, the present critic cannot claim an approach so impersonal. For, begging your leave to lay aside the third-person's masque and conclude directly from the heart, I have known Chotzie for more than forty years. I have shared great and little moments, laughter and lament, the unique cozmess of the Chotzinoff family and hearth, where anything can happen and usually does. I know the whole hearted sincerity behind "A Lost Paradise." So perhaps it is fitting that one who knows him intimately should set forth this lovely and lovable autobiography within the frame of its author's personality.

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An Unmelancholy Dane

"Hans Christian Andersen," by Rumer Godden *(Alfred A. Knopf. 206 pp. $2.50), is a short life of the immortal Danish teller of tales for children who was born 150 years ago this month. Ruth Hill Viguers, who reviews it here, is one of the authors of "A Critical History of Children's Literature."*

By Ruth Hill Viguers

BEFORE the publication of Rumer Godden's "Hans Christian Andersen" it did not seem possible that a brief life of Andersen could do more than leave one with the impression of oddity, brashness, and pathos. The ugly duckling's story is here, of course, and the young man out of the fairly tales. Andersen was only fourteen when, possessing no schooling, no trade or craft, nothing but his little bundle of clothes and unshakable faith in himself, he set off from Odense to the city of Copenhagen. "First you suffer terrible things," he had told his mother, "then you get to be famous." But in the old stories the suffering is over in a page or two. Andersen's lasted for years and had less to do with hunger than the lack of recognition of his genius, and his impatience forced him into situations for which he had no preparation, only enthusiasm, his need to be heard, conviction of his own destiny.

Rumer Godden—". . .economy, swiftness'."

Rumer Godden has told us all this but she has also shown how the spectre of failure drove him to prove his genius, how his boastfulness was not vanity but the expansiveness of joy in the face of approval, how his simple faith in people drew friends to him wherever he went. His patrons are seen in clear perspective, the Collins particularly, who were for years his chief support, who treated him as a member of the family. laughed at him, scolded, advised, protected him. "People are different sizes, thank God, but never, to the end of their lives, did the Collins know Andersen's size."

Miss Godden sees Denmark as the one country that could have produced an Andersen, where the king, once a fortnight, grants an audience to any of his subjects who asks for it, where sums are set aside for pensions for writers, painters, and composers whose work is worth while. "In any other country but Denmark a poor author would have been summoned to the Minister; here the Minister climbed the stairs to the author's room."

One reviewer of the time criticized Andersen's stories as unsuitable for children. "Ought their reading, even out of school, be merely for amusement?" he asked. Rumer Godden sees Andersen threatened today by the idea that children should be given books without shadows, "books of brightness and lightness, and laughter, nothing else; perhaps the reason why these books are so lifeless is that living things have shadows."

AMONG the several biographies of Andersen there is place for this book by an English writer so peculiarly fitted to write it, who both understands the man and appreciates the greatness of his work. "Each story has the essence of a poem . . . a distilling of thought and meaning into a distinct form . . . so knit in rhythm that one word out of place, one word too much, jars the whole. In Andersen we are never jarred and it is that that gives the Tales their extraordinary swiftness—too often lost in translation—so that they are over almost before we have time to take them in and we have a magical feeling of flying."

In her own writing, her children's stories especially, Rumer Godden has shown that "economy and swiftness" that she recognizes in Andersen's.

—*Illustrations from the book.*

Ethel Barrymore in role of mother . . .

Theatre's Dowager

"Memories," by Ethel Barrymore *(Harper. 320 pp. $4), is a lightly written account of the career of the First Lady of the American Stage over six decades. Here it is reviewed by George Freedley, author of "A History of the Theatre" and other books.*

By George Freedley

A GRACIOUS period in the theatre comes to life in the memoirs of the First Lady of the American stage. Ethel Barrymore's "Memoirs" begins with her childhood in a provincial and pleasing Philadelphia, where her grandmother, that redoubtable dragon Louise Lane Drew, *the* Mrs. Drew, presided over the Arch Street Theatre. Mrs. Drew produced several children, all but one of whom was legitimate. (The exception, Sidney Drew, called Uncle Googan, was a great vaudeville attraction and appeared in a series of film comedies with his wife as Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.)

Miss Barrymore writes of her mother, Georgie Drew: ". . . a tall fair, slender girl with blue eyes. I looked at her in worship and in silence, longing to talk with her but fearing, out of the very shyness of my nature, to speak to her. My father [Maurice] had really startling beauty. My brother, Jack, looked exactly like him."

John and Ethel, and Lionel, too, for that matter, were like that wonderful English father. She remembers when Jack, the youngest, had to go up a long dark flight of stairs to bed. He was heard to say, "You can't hurt me. I have a wonderful power."

And so he did and so do all the

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Barrymores. They weren't described in a satirical comedy by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, "The Royal Family," for nothing.

The Drew-Barrymores usually spoke in quotations from plays so their terminology occasionally puzzled their visitors, and now, in this book occasionally, their readers.

"In London Papa was playing at the Haymarket Theatre in . . . 'A Woman of No Importance' . . . . Mama was usually at home Sunday afternoons, and I used to be produced at tea time to hand about cakes, etc.—always with my eyes firmly on the ground. Once as I approached a gentleman sitting on the sofa Mama called to me, 'Look up, Pauline!'—which I did, shrieked in terror, dropped the plate, and fled to the third floor. The man was Oscar Wilde. My parents nearly killed me."

Miss Barrymore went on the stage when she was fifteen with the only training that of absorption from great actors, the best training of all, perhaps. She omits dates entirely, but it was in 1894. She played as an ingenue in London and in New York and on the road in American Charles Frohman's reproductions of tepid English comedies for the most part. Finally Mr. Frohman gave her her big chance as Mme. Trentoni in Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."

WHEN the show was trying out in Philadelphia that terrible shyness afflicted the young Ethel and she spoke too low, but "a voice from the gallery called out, 'Speak up, Ethel, you Drews is all good actors'."

In New York she lived at a theatrical boarding-house in 36th Street. She had opened the night before in the Fitch comedy in the old Garrick in 35th St. She walked around the corner the second night and her name was up in lights above the play. She was a star. When she thanked Frohman in his office he waved at the passing throng on Broadway and said, "I didn't do it. They did it."

Of course, people have said that she doesn't act, that she is merely herself on stage. She confessed that to Sir Henry Irving on his last visit to America (he remembered her particularly because she had been in his company with the incomparable Ellen Terry). "What do they say?" he asked.

" 'Oh, they say I look all right and I have this and that or the other, but that I'm always Ethel Barrymore.'

"He put his long, delicate hand on mine and said, 'See to it that they never say anything else'."

In this lightly written account of her theatrical career over sixty years Ethel Barrymore has heeded Sir Henry's advice even now and always will. It should have been a deeper and more searching book, but though " 'tis not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door . . . 'tis enough, 'twill serve."

. . . and in "Whiteoaks" . . . with Cary Grant in "None But the Lonely Heart" (movie) . . . "The Kingdom of God" . . .

. . . co-starring with her brothers in "Rasputin and the Empress" and with Louis Calhern in "The Love Duel."

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Fiction

Continued from page 20

in or out of the maelstrom by coincidence and the small details of their lives: Reese at the bank door, Emily at the teller's window, Shelley bound hand and foot in a barn, and Boyd in a poolroom lavatory drinking beer. When it's all over the whole town's talking about the robbery except Shelley and Boyd, who have been forced to consider how hard it is to live, how easy to die. An epilogue of high drama and sober insight.

For anybody in search of suspenseful entertainment this is a pretty safe bet. More, as a first novel by a young author "Violent Saturday" is an encouraging event for what it is and what should follow. Would the book make a good movie? A Mr. Darryl Zanuck thought so.

Notes

DIVORCEE ON THE LAND: There have been few stories of the unglamorous business of making a livelihood from a piece of Western land. Thus it would seem that in Mildred Walker's tenth novel, **"The Curlew's Cry"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95), a neglected literary mine is being discovered. The reader follows the heroine, Pamela Lacey, descendant of early Western pioneers, through more than thirty-five years of her not uneventful life. Disappointed in love, unable to reconcile herself to marriage with an Easterner who can give nothing more than economic security, Pamela returns to Brandon Rapids, a small, alternately sunbaked and blizzard-bitten Montana town with a Bon Ton, Social Circles, Gossips, Women's Clubs, and Community Spirit. Unhappily, the town's Social Life is somewhat limited for a divorcee and, worse, there is the proximity of Rose Guinard Morley, once an outsider and child of the town's French milliner but in later years a respected matron forgiven by the town for her unexpected elopement with Wrenn Morley, whom all of Brandon Rapids, including Pamela Lacey, had expected Pamela Lacey to marry. Pamela's one comfort is her father's economically unsuccessful ranch. She converts it into a dude ranch, pays off the mortgage, and becomes reconciled to the prospect of spending her life with the widowed Rose, who stole her childhood sweetheart. All of this is not for those in search of esoteric literature which is heavily wrapped in gingerbread style; nor does it offer much to lovers of conventional Westerns. But it should appeal to that segment of the reading public which enjoys a quietly told, honestly plotted story filled with careful details and with good descriptions of various aspects of life in the West.

—HARRIETTE ARNOW.

AMERICANS IN ROME: There is something of the nihilistic mood of "The Sun Also Rises" in William Murray's examination of Americans doing as the Romans do. Collected in **"The Fugitive Romans"** (Vanguard, $3.50) is the usual crowd of postwar drifters and cafe philosophers, who feel that limbo is "a good place to be." But even nihilists occasionally need cash —so the advent of a Hollywood film company, with its thousands of temporary jobs, excites the members of the latest generation to be lost . . . or only temporarily mislaid.

Mr. Murray is an excellent reporter, and his version of the making of "Ave, Caesar" (a super-colossal epic complete with a brand-new Roman coliseum) explores some sidelights that normally elude the publicity releases. "The Fugitive Romans" is at its best when its author is taking a hard look at the public and private lives of the film colony, or when he is explicating such mysteries as the European attitude toward venture capital (". . . everyone knows that money is something one puts away in vaults or in holes underground"). But the main thread of the story, which concerns an amatory interlude between an American publicity man and a pallid English lady, is really very tiresome. It seems, as a matter of fact, to bore Mr. Murray, too, because his otherwise keen sense of dialogue deserts him in the exchanges between the Yank and his Pamela. At any rate, his aimless romance helps to disillusion the press agent with disillusionment—and this is an interesting realignment to follow.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

ILL-STARRED IRISH: Walter Macken is the Irish producer-playwright-actor whose "Home Is the Hero" was produced on Broadway last year, with the author himself in the lead. Now in his fifth novel, **"Sunset on the Window-Panes"** (St. Martin's Press, $3.50), he spins a story of the village of Boola in Galway. To it hot-blooded, reckless Bart O'Breen returns after being dropped from college. Still hurt and sullen, Bart takes a walk along the cliffs with a neighbor girl named Breeda. Trying to snatch a kiss, he accidentally pushes her into the boiling sea below, where Breeda is blinded for life on a jutting rock. This only makes the witches' brew of emotions inside Bart bubble more. He seduces Sheila, the town beauty, then lights out on learning she is pregnant. But the evil Bart has done stays after him. Breeda is blind, Sheila an unwed mother, his quiet brother Joseph a perpetual misfit because of Bart's overpowering personality. Quietly, realistically, with occasional flashes of flavorsome style, Mr. Macken works out his thwarted destinies until inevitably Bart returns, an itinerant peddler. Still callous, he uses brother Joseph's "vision" to drum up trade for the religious items he carries in his cart. Then he too feels the power of the vision and rushes madly from Boola. It all makes an intermittently

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SET 'EM UP IN TYPE

Hand-setting printers don't pick type out of a case compartmented strictly by the alphabet, but if they did this is the way they would find the letters that spell the names of authors of recently published books. R. T. House of Norman, Oklahoma, asks you to de-anagram these twenty names (there are no front or middle initials to worry about). If you get ten, feel good; if eleven, feel better; if twelve or over, you're a glutton for punishment. Answers on page 43.

1. AACEEEILMNNNNOPRTV
2. AADDEEHIMNPRRUU
3. ABEEENNNOPRRRRTW
4. ACEHHLMOSS
5. ADEIIMNNRW
6. ACCEEIILMNOSU
7. AGILNNTUY
8. ADDEHILLLRT
9. ADDEFHJMMNOOORRSUW
10. AADEIMNORRSU
11. ABEGHILNNORTTY
12. ABCEKLPRU
13. DEEEEHNNPPRSST
14. AADHLMNOSTY
15. AENNPRTY
16. AACGILLLOPU
17. AADEHLMMNNNOORS
18. AEEEGHIMNNRSTWY
19. AADEILMNRV
20. AABEHNNORRTT

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moving Irish tale but, like most Irish writers today, Mr. Macken labors under an awful handicap. So many superb Irish playwrights and writers have already written of Ireland that anyone who is merely good seems pretty pale indeed.

—Allen Churchill.

VICTORIAN ENGLAND REVISITED: A pleasant, voluminous little book, its 448 pages snugly compressed into a neat plump pocket-book format, is Francesca Marton's **"Mrs. Betsey, or, Widowed and Wed"** (Coward-McCann, $3.75). As its name suggests, it is surely the literary offspring of Louisa M. Alcott and William M. Thackeray, with Charles Dickens a devoted godfather. In it we follow the fortunes of Mrs. Betsey Jordan, a young widow with four young children to support, whose virtue, kindliness, steadfast integrity, and good common sense bring her triumphant through a series of experiences and vicissitudes capable of daunting many a less stout-hearted heroine. A whole era and a vanished way of life are conjured up in Miss Marton's picture of Victorian England in the years from 1850 through 1861, as a background for Mrs. Betsey's vocations: as housekeeper in a great country house, whose decaying grandeur and whose decaying master she sets to rights and health; as a wife again, and mistress at her husband's side of a respectable and flourishing inn, "The British Queen"; an anxious mother of a pretty and flighty daughter going into service as a ladies maid; as confounder of villains, and promoter of the good. There is a highly complicated and richly romantic plot, unashamedly bursting at the seams with fortuitous coincidence and fearless melodrama. "Mrs. Betsey" is a captivating book, whose seeming artlessness has a firm base of wit and sensibility, and whose unobtrusively accurate and vivid evocation of an era makes it a period piece of genuine charm.

—Sarah Henderson Hay.

SELF-BETRAYAL ON THE VELDT: Revealing itself with the stark simplicity of a dumb-show, Dan Jacobson's very short novel **"The Trap"** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.95) forcefully dramatizes some complex psychological relationships. It is the story of a Boer farmer, Van Schoor, who scrapes out a meager but satisfying living from a plot of veldt land in South Africa, aided by a few native workers whom he treats with kindness and to whom he even attributes qualities of human dignity.

But then he is led to believe in the moral impurity of his favorite, a man whom he had thought to be as true and inviolable as a fool, and he feels regretfully obliged to send him away in order to preserve the equilibrium of the farm. The banished one's refusal to protest his innocence leaves Van Schoor vaguely ill at ease.

Eventually Van Schoor, in a shocking, yet inevitable moment of irrationality, commits an act which contains the most destructive betrayal of all—a self-betrayal of his own finer qualities to the brutalizing pressures which inhere so often in colonial societies.

Tightly constructed, pruned of extraneous incident and comment, "The Trap," beneath its narrative statement, is the creation of a mind both subtle and sharply intuitive.

—Jerome Stone.

Easter Egg

By May Sarton

SMOOTH and impassive and to be surrounded
With air, with light, though still subtly bounded
By its own shape, so candid and so rounded,

The Easter egg is a small trinity:
Reserved without for all the world to see
Its upright stance, its perfect dignity.

But if you open it, there is another:
Within the shape of solitude, discover
The shape of joy, child of a lonely mother.

And opening the second, find a third.
Sealed doubly in, this one is very hard;
This one is secret and perhaps ill-starred.

Enclosed in joy, and yet still forsaken,
This smallest egg of all cannot be broken,
But only wholly given, wholly taken.

Americana

Continued from page 23

roughly into chapters about such personages as Jeremiah Wadsworth, Revolutionary Commissary General; Edmund Randolph, first Attorney General; Oliver Wolcott, Treasury Secretary; Lewis Littlepage, troublesome ward of John Jay; John Jay and Robert R. Livingston, who negotiated the Louisiana Purchase; William Duer, Knickerbocker capitalist and speculator; Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and his brother Thomas; Robert Morris, Horatio Gates, Aaron Burr; and a half-dozen others. Upon their scandalous conduct, often hectic careers, speculations, and "bitter personal calumnies," more than upon their hard-headed accomplishments, these items of information dwell. Although they may contribute further details to later biographies, they do not in themselves constitute sufficient new material for a full-length book. They are spun out here in a disorganized and rambling fashion when they might more appropriately have served as nutty contributions to historical journals.

Frontier Gleanings

PONY EXPRESS TOWN: In the days when there were giants in the American West there were also persons of lesser stature—and of equal interest. This apothegm is adapted to a Nevada silver town in **"The Town That Died Laughing,"** by Oscar Lewis (Little, Brown, $3.75), with remarkable success. Austin, on the Pony Express route between Virginia City and the East, enjoyed a brief boomlet in the early 1860s, the most enduring feature of which was the founding of *The Reese River Reveille,* a newspaper that still publishes. From the columns of *The Reveille* Mr. Lewis carefully and lovingly reconstructs the Austin of nearly a century ago. He revives the famous Sazerac Lying Club, Grocer Gridley and his sack of flour, and the career of Emma Nevada, the songstress, to mention but three of the ghosts reincarnated in this silvery footnote to history. The spice of Austin is best brought out through the sassy frontier journalism of *The Reveille.* While they were run up neither with literary flourish nor with the historian in mind, its news accounts pulse today with readability, drama, and liveliness—so much so that Mr. Lewis has no trouble at all in making a medium-size boom town seem very much like a giant-size one.

—Alden Whitman.

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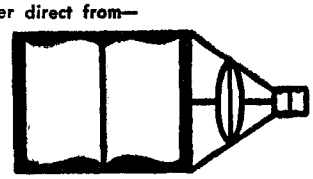

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A STREETCAR NAMED MENDACITY

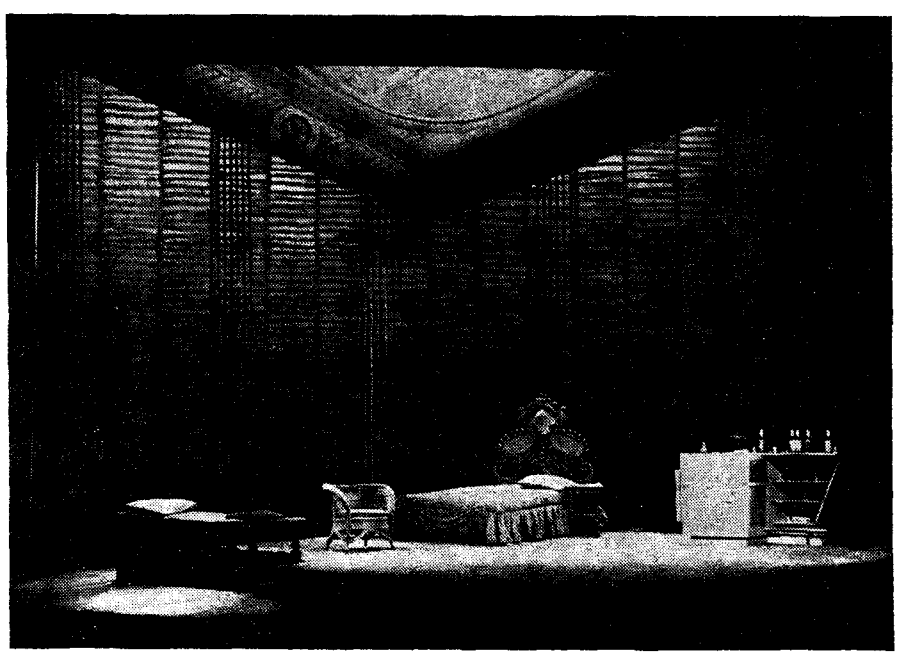
"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" is as emotionally naked and relentlessly visceral a play as our theatre has seen. But, in this Elia Kazan production, Tennessee Williams's latest work is also disappointingly confusing and self-dissipating. Constructed as a symphonic drama, its characters emerge to take showy solos in which they tell us their histories and sum up their attitudes towards each other and towards wealth, sex, and the mendacity of daily living as opposed to liquor, death, and the inevitable domination of men by women.

In the first act the high-pitched "Maggie the Cat" reveals her determination to force her alcoholic husband, Brick, to go to bed with her. Her motives are a need to produce a child in order to get a rich inheritance from her dying father-in-law (Big Daddy) and a physical desire for Brick, based largely on what she calls "the charm of the defeated." Brick in turn reveals his complete disgust for her; he blames her for causing his best friend's death. This he claims she did by making his friend believe that their friendship had a homosexual base.

In Act II Big Daddy comes forward in a fit of release prompted by a false report that what he thought was cancer is only a minor ailment. He discards all conventional shams to exhibit with scatological emphasis his disgust for his grandchildren by his mercenary son Gooper and Gooper's sneaky wife, Mae; for his own wife, Big Mama; for the church; for social organizations; and for human degradation caused by poverty and fear of death. There follows a duet in which Big Daddy probes the reason for his other son Brick's dependence on Echo Springs—the playwright's nickname for the liquor cabinet. Under the greatest possible tension Brick is pushed to the point where he must admit that it was his own refusal to face the truth that was really responsible for the friend's destruction. But in that angered thoughtless moment Brick lets slip the truth about Big Daddy's cancer.

In Act III there is the storm of approaching death for Big Daddy and of the desperate triumph of Maggie's fertile life spirit (Shaw's "life force"?) over Brick and the 28,000-acre plantation they will inherit because of it.

While this oversimplified sketch of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof"'s content might seem to be material for a fine play, it comes across more as a deeply-felt libretto for an opera, where logic and superficial elements can be submerged in the emotional swell of music. As a play, however, the action seems staccato and unfulfilling. One mistake may have been Mr. Wil-



—Fred Fehl

". . . [a] most unorthodox set . . . its slanting floor makes a pedestal for the actors."

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liams's introduction of a central plot involving the inheritance of the plantation, particularly when Big Daddy has an additional $10,000,000 with which everyone can be made happy. For this consolation is never quite resolved. True, we are left believing that Maggie's desperate boast of pregnancy has convinced Big Daddy to leave the plantation to Brick, but that eventuality would only seem to perpetuate Brick's alcohol problem.

A second mistake may be Mr. Williams's compulsion to bring up bits of unpleasant truths which do not affect the action of the play. Time and again the drama of a scene is vitiated when it turns out that Brick or Big Daddy doesn't give a damn about its upshot. And finally there is a seeming attempt on the part of Mr. Kazan to make Mr. Williams's sordid though truthful revelations heroic, healthy, and poetically isolated enough so that the audience is not forced to face them as they are. However successful he may have been in transforming raw milk into theatrical whipped cream, he would appear to have negated some of the script's intention.

THE casting of the poised and shining Barbara Bel Geddes as the anxious and frequently bitchy Maggie is a case in point. While Miss Bel Geddes has made admirable progress towards the acting of Maggie, her own personality carries with it an aura of do-goodism that weakens her own drive and that of the play. Ben Gazzara, who plays Brick with passionate disdain, emanates a too-strong will in relation to this kind of a Maggie.

Burl Ives makes a kind of Gropper drawing of opulent, bull-headed insensitivity that is most effective in the humorous bits. And in the more serious moments, where his lack of acting experience threatens the convincingness of his performance, his strong and well-trained voice carries him through. Mildred Dunnock as Big Mama gives a frisky eccentric performance that sacrifices power to humor. Best in the cast is Pat Hengle, who catches just the right mixture of dulness and malevolence to build Gooper into an exciting and full-bodied portrayal. He is nicely abetted by Madeleine Sherwood, as Mae, and four chubby *enfants horribles* who play the couple's "no-neck monsters." The latters' rendition of "Son of a rinky-dink, son of a rinky-doo—we love you," while Big Mama holds a huge cake to celebrate Big Daddy's birthday, is the caustic high-point of this production.

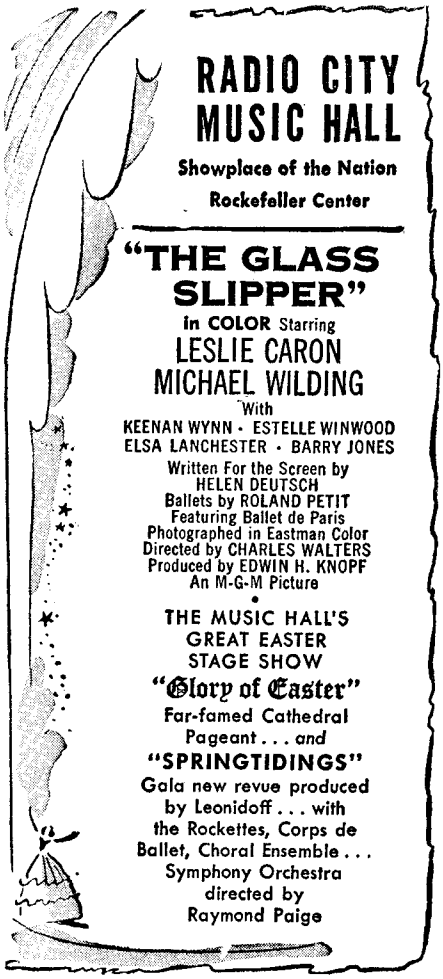
Indeed, it cannot be denied that Mr. Kazan's staging of this and other moments has a strength of impact that any other director in our theatre would be hard put to achieve. Whatever critical judgment he may lack in interpreting a particular script he compensates for by transfusing a maximum of energy into his performers. Almost everything in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" seems shouted or sung. This may be partly dictated by the fact that the director has chosen the most unorthodox set of recent seasons—as beautifully designed by Jo Mielziner. Its slanting floor makes a pedestal for the actors, who appear to be addressing the audience more than they do each other. It may also have led to conscious "staging" of actions as if they were filmtakes. Yet it has one immense advantage. Because the walls are imaginary, Mr. Mielziner has the full width of the rear stage against which he can project oppressive jellices, and later fireworks and rushing stormclouds to underscore superbly the changing moods of the play.

The resultant high level of theatrical excitement nevertheless leaves us with unanswered questions. What is the significance of Big Daddy's return in the last act, when he tells a drawn-out dirty joke about an elephant in heat? And what is the conclusion we are to draw from the play's pantomimed "Tea and Sympathy" ending, where Brick stretches his hand out to Maggie?

The fact is that in the original third act Big Daddy remained offstage dying helplessly in the hands of a wife he doesn't love. And this passing of control parallels Maggie's complete domination of Brick. For in the original script she throws her disabled husband's crutch away, cuts off his liquor supply (which she will reinstate only as a reward for making love to her), explains that she didn't really love him until she became stronger than he, and closes in on him with a triumphant, "Oh you lost, broken people, you weak beautiful people who give up with such grace! What you need is someone to take control of you. I love you, Brick, I do love you—Brick, I do!" To this Brick replies sadly, "Wouldn't it be funny if that were true?"

That ending is truer to the spirit of Mr. Williams's great short story "Three Players at a Summer Game," where the characters Brick and Maggie originated. However, its use demands a more ruthless, less sympathetic Maggie and a solider and more calculating Big Mama than the ones in the present production. This "Cat" is hot but indeterminate.

—HENRY HEWES.



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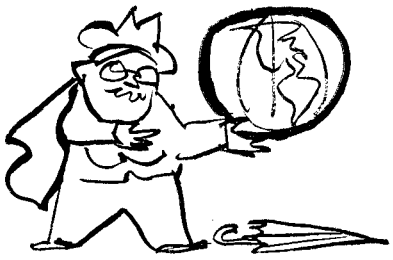

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

FLUBS AND DUBS

IT IS Paris in the spring, and the movie is in color. Into the Etoile district purrs a shiny British motor car containing a nobleman and his son. It develops that the milord has brought his cub to the city of light for the purpose of introducing him to life, preferably in that biologically fascinating manifestation, the young French girl. At the same time, the youth would like to liberate the old boy from the gathering crustiness of middle age, this liberation to be accomplished by a mature, independently rich Frenchwoman who has not read too many books. And we discover that the nobleman is none other than Alec Guinness. Into the camera's vision comes a Shapely Calf, seated on the rear perch of her boyfriend's motorbike. The bike starts, Shapely Calf tumbles off, British gentlemen dash to rescue, the reflective gleam in the Guinness eye cues the opening strains of a traditional French four-handed gavotte, in which old boy will pursue young girl, mature woman will fascinate young man.

Can anything be more amusing and promising than this? The answer is Yes. **"To Paris with Love"** is a serious and wistful romantic comedy made from what is essentially a Gallic farce. Substituting color, music, elegant production for wit, this Two Cities film is mildly engaging rather than enchanting.

Perhaps the answer is that our British cousins, inhabiting a damp island, and unstimulated by dancing and light wines, cannot really be devil-may-care about *amour*. This film achieves the minor distinction of making a dull chap out of Alec Guinness. Eschewing for the nonce his protean diet, the versatile fellow plays this part in mufti, *i.e.*, British woollens, crushed hat, regulation street toupee. Without fright-wig, cassock, or captain's hat, Guinness seems unusually subdued.

If the film does not do much for our senior clown, it does, at least, for Paris what so many of our wandering cameramen have been doing for Italy and the Riviera. There are views of the Champs Elysées and Montmarte that would dissolve Oscar Hammerstein into tears.

* * *

One of the more irritating ideas in recent years, in my surly opinion, is the practice of dubbing English dialogue onto the soundtrack of Italian movies. Besides giving the impression that all the actors are talking with something in their mouths, it generally violates whatever dramatic value the picture might have had to begin with.

In the case of **"The Wayward Wife"** (IFE) the film was apparently shot with the "American-language" version in mind, for speech after speech is spoken off-camera, while on screen the other players react. In other shots the speeches are delivered with the head turned, or with the character reflected in a mirror. The two leading male players, Gabriele Ferzetti and Franco Interlenghi, seem to have been chosen because they talk without moving their lips very much.

All these tricks cannot avoid the dramatic moments when the situation requires a close-up during an important speech, and it is during these vital moments that the characters split in two, one part image, the other voice.

This is not to say that "The Wayward Wife" is a great motion-picture achievement despoiled. The screenplay, taken from a novel by Alberto Moravia, is a traditional arrangement of story elements that were old when radio sets had three dials: working-class girl—companion to rich man's daughters—loves rich man's son, is loved in return. Turns out fiance is her half-brother, result of nobleman's dalliance with working-class mother. Girl marries humble professor, bookish type. Still hungry for high life, takes up with expatriate countess, becomes involved with playboy, gets blackmailed by countess. Violence, confession, reconciliation. These days we recognize such elements as peculiar to the dramas which are staged on behalf of the new washday miracle which is so kind to hands. The Italian movie, although it displays Gina Lollobrigida and her superb wardrobe of black lingerie, does not rise much above its detergent and deterring origins.

As for Miss Lollobrigida and her historic *embonpoint*, it is hard to say whether she is or is not a good actress. There is a kind of vapid sultriness about her that might be kindling in effect, but the voice dubbed over her speeches is completely empty of quality. She doesn't get much across except when her slip is showing.

—Lee Rogow.

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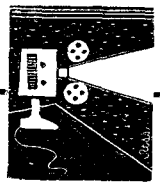

IDEAS ON FILM

THE FILM'S COUSIN—THE BOOK

MOVIES have done more to prompt me to read books in recent years than anything else I know of. This month I've been ransacking the neighborhood public libraries and bookstores for Chaucer, Strindberg, Hans Christian Andersen, a Canadian novelist named Hugh MacLennan, and the most irresistible book in years—Joseph Krumgold's "And Now Miguel."

Not all efforts to put literature on film have so happy an effect on me. Too often I have been horrified by "quickie" attempts to put "big literary names" on film for "educational" purposes. The biggest name, of course, is Shakespeare. Some of the recent films which use his name would make you groan. For my part, I am singling out these horrors—and mercilessly unbaring what lies behind the impressive titles—in the hope of inhibiting any other producers who might hope to release such films without public censure.

But best films first, and once again the reviews are somewhat abbreviated to fit a necessary curtailment of space.

THE STORYTELLERS OF THE CANTERBURY TALES (18 min., color. Produced and distributed by the Dept. of Cinema, University of Southern California, 3518 University Ave., Los Angeles 7, Calif.) Using spoken excerpts from the General Prologue and the Canon's Yeoman's Prologue, with small painted figurines for visual portrayal of the Canterbury pilgrims, the film sets a miniature stage on which we meet the fourteenth-century world of Geoffrey Chaucer. As a university production, the film is first to be praised for selecting an original subject and searching for an appropriate style — reaching beyond the limits of established educational films to create one that is decidedly unique.

For authenticity, sections of the original Ellesmere manuscript are shown in the opening and closing sequences. A lively musical score gives the film most of its rhythm. Appropriate excerpts from Chaucer are read with Middle English intonation by Professor William Templeman, of the USC English Department. The sound of the languages was pleasing and song-like, but a more dramatic interpretation of the meanings (rather than the sounds) of the words, and a clearer sound recording, would have greatly enhanced the film. The photographed figures, precisely detailed in dress and appearance, were often amazingly expressive. Their lack of mobility was at times distressing; but was somewhat compensated in the director's efforts to keep the film interesting and moving with lots of camera set-ups and action, detailed background scenery, and a decidedly different photographic approach to each one of the characters. The film sent me scurrying for a copy of a long-forgotten textbook of English Literature. Any film that does that gets my educational seal of approval.

MISS JULIE (91 min. Distributed for 16mm rental by Brandon Films, 200 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.) Only rarely is a great play made over into a great motion picture. The temptation is often to confine the players to the limits of stage sets, allowing them to express their feelings, thoughts, and actions only with gestures, looks, and words. This Swedish film (with English subtitles), based on Strindberg's famous play, is an everlasting achievement in the elusive art of the motion picture without regard to the values of its literary origin.

Everything in the film is eternally complex—the peasants' careless and compulsive celebration of Midsummer Eve (1888), on which the entire action of the film takes place; the handsome young Miss Julie, daughter of the aristocratic household, alone, defiant, and at times without reason; the handsome servant Jean, trained in Paris and aspiring to better things; his simple kitchen sweetheart, who sleeps through the long evening while Miss Julie and Jean discover each other and in flashback display the sorry background of their tormented lives.

Structurally, the film builds and builds and builds, sustaining its peculiar fantasy and realism at a level which few films attain even momentarily. One climax follows another, and still the film builds—until everything has to collapse, for the present or forever.

Pictorially the film creates some magical effects with the lingering long daylight. The madness of the peasants' dancing, drunkenness, and abandon is matched with equal daring in the skilful editing and in the direction of Alf Sjoberg (which incidentally is pronounced something like *shoo bear*).

Anita Björk as Miss Julie is tempting and pathetic. Her performance contributes no small bit to the credibility of the story. The servant Jean is played by Ulf Palme, most of the time with easy competence. His sweetheart, Julie's mother (in flashback), and a meandering seductress also earn their share of the spotlight.

"Miss Julie" is an adult film, by all standards. A comparison of the film with the written play could tell you a lot about the art and skill of modern film-making. For details concerning special rental rates on this film, write Brandon Films.

EACH MAN'S SON (15 min. Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and distributed by its New York office at 630 Fifth Avenue.) Here's a new idea in the film of letters—a dramatized excerpt from a novel, this one taken from the work of a contemporary Canadian author, Hugh MacLennan. The scene is a coal-mining area on Cape Breton Island some forty years ago, a setting similar to the author's boyhood environment. The episode depicted in this film is about a country doctor and a boy whose hands have been mangled in a careless accident.

The film is nicely edited, and well enacted (except for sequences of the boy's friends waiting in the hospital for news of his condition). It adds up to an interesting bit of drama that combines the best of soap-opera and popular literature. The Canadian Film Board announces that other films will be made on the work of Canadian writers and artists. Something along these lines, based on contemporary American literature, might now be in order in this country. Perhaps an enterprising book publisher here will give it a try.

AND NOW MIGUEL (63 min. Produced for the Overseas Motion Picture Division of the U. S. Department of State. Available for purchase from United World Films, Government Division, 1445 Park Avenue, New York 29, N. Y. Available for rental from many 16mm libraries, including Contemporary Films, 13 East 37th St., New York 16, N. Y.) This charming film by Joseph Krumgold is about twelve-year-old Miguel Chavez, a New Mexican boy of Spanish descent, who wants more than anything else in the world to go with the older men when they take the sheep to pasture for the summer in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. After much yearning, Miguel gets his wish and also experiences some of life's complications. In the sensitive unfolding of Miguel's story, the film introduces his sisters and brothers (especially his favorite older brother Gabriel, who can get everything that he wants), his parents, the ways of the sheep and the sheepherders. This is a rare and wonderful film, warm and true and lovely in every respect.

Joseph Krumgold's book, also entitled "And Now Miguel," was awarded last year's John Newbery Medal as "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children." I barely sampled last year's crop of books, but if there was a better contribution to American literature for adults, I wish someone would let me know about it right away. Meanwhile I can only recommend it to everyone in the world—to children for its honest and sensitive portrayal of the adventures of living, to others for its simplicity and beauty. If I were you, I

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might pass up a lot of life's pleasures, but not "And Now Miguel."

THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER (18 min., color) and **THE STORY OF MY LIFE** (35 min. Produced by Danskultur Films. Distributed by Brandon Films, see above.) This is the sad story of the one-legged toy soldier who falls quite in love with a ballet doll, and then (perhaps under the spell of a goblin jack-in-the-box) goes through all sorts of adventurous mishaps. The film is most engaging, with a fine English narration, excellent music, and a real Andersen fairytale tone to it. Despite the sudden sorrowful end the two lovers come to, the film cannot help but please all the children who see it and all the adults who are seeking good story films for children to see.

"The Story of My Life" gives a true picture of Hans Christian Andersen's life (as opposed to the recent Danny Kaye version): his peasant background, his aspirations for fame, alone in Copenhagen at fourteen, hard schooling, dabblings in poetry and theatre, travels throughout Europe, in 1835 his first book of children's fairytales, from then on the world at his feet. The pictures are taken from contemporary scenes (paintings, prints, even photographs—in the style established by the film "1848"). The narration alternates between sweetly revealing sentiments from Andersen's diary (read by a man's voice) and factual statements about his life (read by a woman). The film is one of the more successful reconstructed biographies and will undoubtedly be snapped up by many of the public libraries and schools that circulate films.

MACBETH (TV kinescope, 120 min. Distributed by regional offices of Association Films, in Ridgefield, New Jersey [at Broad and Elm Sts.], in Chicago [at 79 E. Adams St.], in Dallas [at 1108 Jackson St.], and in San Francisco [at 351 Turk St.].) The complete NBC-TV version of "Macbeth," starring Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson, is now available free of charge to high schools and colleges. This important event is marred only by the fact that union requirements prohibited the sponsor (Hallmark Cards) from removing the three commercial announcements—and rather long ones they are, about Christmas cards and wrapping papers. Other than that, it is a distinguished rendition, within the limitations of television studio production, kinescope reproduction quality, and Maurice Evans's rhetorical delivery.

MACBETH (85 min. A Mercury Production, distributed by Brandon Films, see above.) When this film was released theatrically it was considerably obstructed by an impenetrable Scottish burr on the part of Orson Welles and most of the other players. In this 16mm release, re-recorded in plain English, the words are clearer but the picture more obscure. What with the murky atmosphere, lots of hurry and bustle, extreme movement to and from the camera, and rather wild costumes, the film's parts seem rather incompatible. One for film societies rather than classrooms, I'd say.

KING LEAR, THE PARDONER'S TALE, THE SIGNALMAN, and others (each about 13 min. Produced and distributed by Dynamic Films, 112 W. 89th St., New York 24, N. Y.) This series of literary dramas, originally produced for television, features Monty Woolley as narrator and leading man. Shakespeare came off rather poorly, Chaucer did all right (probably a good bet for high schools), and Dickens's "The Signalman" showed itself to be a real thriller. Others in the group are taken from stories and plays by Poe, Chekhov, Balzac, Pushkin, Hawthorne, Moliere, etc. They'll come in handy in certain kinds of educational film libraries, but I'd recommend careful previewing before placing an order.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—Introduction to the Play (13 min., color or not, Coronet Films). Somehow or another the name of Joseph W. Krutch, Ph.D., appears on this film as Educational Collaborator. Conspirator would have been a better word.

The film purports to tell the plot and enact key scenes from Shakespeare's play. Herewith some key quotations from my frantic notes: "poor lighting . . . poor performances . . . dreadful costumes . . . grotesque make-up . . . dull, dull, dull . . . terrible conglomeration . . . very discouraging." I just couldn't let this one pass.

SHAKESPEAREAN FILM LIBRARY (12 films, each three to four minutes, color or not, Carsyd Sales Co.) These brief soliloquies delivered by actor John Carradine in tuxedo (or perhaps tails) are neither here nor there as far as educational films are concerned. True, they are relatively harmless—mainly because they are over in no time at all. But they are flat and meaningless, and for all I know it might be just as well to force students to memorize the lines themselves as to force them to listen to such unspirited recitations as these.

—CECILE STARR.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

A PLAIN VIEW OF SCHIPPERS

THOMAS SCHIPPERS emerged from the black of the theatre-pit to the glare of Carnegie Hall at a recent Saturday night concert of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra to reveal what some had known right along: that this handsome six-foot young man not only has a back to the manner born, but considerable of the "front" as well. In other words, the vital musicality which has, from the opera conductor's desk, contributed no little to the success of such recent Menotti ventures as "Amahl and the Night Visitors" and "The Saint of Bleecker Street" is sizable enough to expand naturally and without undue stress to the requirements of an orchestral program tendering respects to Weber ("Euryanthe" overture), Mendelssohn ("Italian" symphony), Bartok (the unfamiliar "Deux Images" of op. 10), and Stravinsky ("Firebird" suite).

All this music was "prepared" in a single rehearsal of not many minutes more than is required to play the whole program through once; thus, it would not be wise to look for more subtleties than were decently possible. However, Schippers showed a modest restraint in the individual ideas he imposed on the orchestra in the standard works, a congenial feeling for tempos, and a serviceable system of communication with the players. In the Bartok, which was clearly the performance that conveyed a personal view of the conductor-orchestra relationship, he was assured, intent, and possessed of the orchestra's confidence. With this much in his favor, he was able to make an attractive thing of the first section ("En pleine fleur") and a vigorous one of the following "Danse villageoise."

At this point in his career Schippers doubtless has so many paths open to him that the future must seem like a labyrinth rather than a highway (he is off shortly to prepare "The Saint" for La Scala, following which there are concerts in Aix and elsewhere in Europe, with a Metropolitan debut in "Don Pasquale" looming a year hence). It would be well for him to respect a basic fact of orchestral execution if he cherishes this kind of activity, namely that dominant lines and main voices can, more or less, take care of themselves; it is the subordinate elements that need a supervisory attention. Too often in the Mendelssohn symphony, as well as in the Weber overture, he was ministering to the obvious while the supplementary went unheeded. This is bad for balance, especially if—as was his preference—cellos and double-basses are massed on the conductor's right, with a human tendency to coalesce. Schippers assuredly has a sizable talent: it would be a shame to see it eroded by premature contact with the more wearing facts of musical life.

OF THE several eyesores still masquerading as productions worthy of the Metropolitan stage, there is little doubt that "Parsifal" is the most offensive. Not merely in seniority—there are one or two others that are also in the fourth decade of service—but in poverty of illusion it calls for a kindly *coup de grace* and decent burial. For that matter, if the musical obligations are no better honored than they were at the season's first performance it is rather cynical of Rudolf Bing to give "Parsifal."

It was, in fact, no consistent "Parsifal" at all, rather to be described as good, bad, or indifferent according to whether the performer of the moment was Astrid Varnay as Kundry, Bernd Aldenhoff as Parsifal, or one of the others in the lengthy cast. Fritz Stiedry waved a steady baton from first to last as though to dispel the less pleasant waves of sound that were coming from the stage and somehow disperse the good orchestral performance through the theatre, but it was all mostly laborious, not least of all for the listener.

Easily the most disaffecting member of the cast was Aldenhoff, who is fast making a place for himself among the classic list of Metropolitan singers who, in W. S. Gilbert's phrase, "never would be missed." A bulky "youth" to begin with, Aldenhoff is all earnestness and ineptitude. He has developed an interesting new approach to Wagner's music, or—if the truth be told—gone back to a very old one. The words are barked out in time and with rhythmic precision, but with very little tonal projection or resonance. Indeed, if Aldenhoff were paid per note for those he actually sang he might end up owing the management money. After sampling his first and second acts, I admit to sparing myself the third. There is a limit, after all, even to duty.

Varnay's Kundry had her familiar virtues of dramatic style and musical

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assurance; with a suitable Parsifal to work with, she might, indeed, have struck vocal fire. But there was no spark to threaten the static atmosphere. Somewhat surprising in quality was the vocal performance of Deszo Ernster as Gurnemanz. He has not been heard, to my knowledge, for weeks here, and by threading his way carefully through the mammoth part cushioned his experienced declamatory style with some nicely resonant phrases. Josef Metternich is an Amfortas valid for any surroundings, and superior in these.

Penance, of course, has its place in the theatre as in any aspect of life, and the asperities of "Parsifal," its ascetic denial of calculated high notes, applause, and easy dramatic effects are good—in a purgative sense—for all who participate. But if the sacrificial purpose is to be served fully, one of the things the Metropolitan might give up for Lent is "Parsifal" itself.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later, fifteen blocks away, the City Center was having as much trouble doing justice to the much different demands of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale." Oddly enough—as if it were any secret—the problem was the same: lack of the kind of singers required to cope with the lightness and flexibility of the Donizetti patterns. Leopold Sachse's direction had a kind of tired practised ease—plenty of contrived laughs were provided to replace those not provided by the talents of the performers—and John Boyt's designs were suitably scenic. Joseph Rosenstock's direction tended to provide a bludgeon where a mallet would have sufficed, but even it was on a much higher level of professional competence than the singing.

This was provided by Richard Wentworth as Pasquale, Adelaide Bishop as Norina, Davis Cunningham as Ernesto, and Richard Torigi as Doctor Malatesta. Qualititative extremes were presented by the experienced but dry-voiced Wentworth, the strong-voiced but inexperienced Cunningham. Miss Bishop has some voice and some experience as does Torigi, but not enough of either to make up for the shortcomings in both. Thus, there was a rather consistent amount of poor sound combined with inept comedy and limited projection of the Italian text.

For that matter, if the City Center is pursuing a policy—as it claims every so often—why not English for "Don Pasquale" rather than Italian? I, surely, am not in favor of it; but if it is proper to give other *buffo* works —"Cenerentola" is but the latest—in English why not "Don Pasquale"? As it stands, it achieves no end, advances no cause, and—most of all—serves no useful purpose to Donizetti. —IRVING KOLODIN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 616

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 616 will be found in the next issue.

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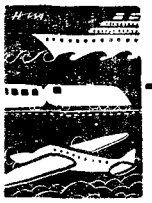


BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

GOING TO JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM.

HAD I NOT been in alien fields, the other Sunday morning, I might well have been snug and subconscious in the quilts of home. But Sunday is no Sabbath for sightseers or Moslems, and I found myself instead barreling over the Lebanese mountains with a party of loaded matrons detached from the Grand Mediterranean Cruise of the *Independence*, a barque nestled at the moment against the wharf at Beirut.

After two hours of olive trees burgeoning with white popcorn blossoms, of hairpin turns over icy roads, and of gasps from the girls, we crossed the border into Syria and rolled into Damascus. Both my guide and the National Geographic Society, and they form a tandem of unusual reliability, insist that Damascus is the world's oldest city still inhabited. The walls of Damascus were said to have been built shortly after Noah's Ark came to rest. Although the Geographic people would perhaps not tiptoe quite so far, my guide ventures that it was in Damascus that Cain slew Abel. In the ancient Aramaic tongue Damascus was known as Sam, which meant the City of Death. I hope this intelligence will not prove distressing to Sam Goldwyn, Sam Rayburn, or Sam my tailor.

The Street Called Straight, where Saul of Tarsus—later St. Paul—regained his sight and began his Christian career, still exists in Damascus, covered in the manner of an Italian gallery and stretching straight and long for almost a quarter of a mile. The bazaars that line its sides sell bolts of textiles, hotwater bottles, straw mats, and silver Arab drums. Moslem women in Western dress with black hoods over their heads pick over the merchandise, and Arab merchants beguile the tourists in English. The cry of the lottery peddlers caroms across the narrow alley, Bedouin women nurse their infants on the curbstone, and black carriages charge up and down driven by wild-eyed drivers who wear boots on their feet and the traditional Arab *keffiyeh igal* on their heads.

It was at the New Omayad Hotel —100 rooms, 100 baths, 100 telephones, 100 radios—that I arranged for a car to push on into the Bible Belt. It arrived, an aging Plymouth, complete with a driver named Arabi who had learned English at Haifa during the years of the British mandate. Arabi is—to be sure—one of the nattiest Arabs in Damascus, for he wore a tweed jacket, gray flannel slacks, and white shoes, and would have passed for a *seigneur* from Greenwich were it not for the white Arab towel that he wore on his head. With the goods of the Dahdah Brothers of the Street Called Straight stowed in the back of the Plymouth, Arabi and I rolled south into Jordan.

At the border the guards wore Western dress and black-and-white checked *keffiyehs* on the head. Jordanian soldiers wear British battle dress and cover their heads with red-checked *keffiyehs*. As for Jordanian police, they eschew the Arab headgear in favor of a helmet draped in back like a desert *kepi*, and a spike growing out of the top after the mode of Kaiser Wilhelm.

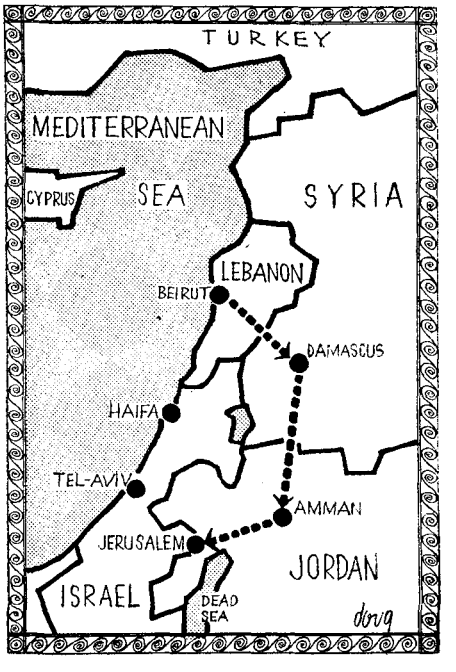
We crossed over into Jordan, past dusty buses coming from Baghdad, past the pipeline that brings oil up from Saudi Arabia, past incredible Bedouin villages slapped together with mud, past the squat brown tents of Bedouins who live miserably on the brown earth, past the dwarfed crops suffering this year's drought.

As we drove Arabi told me he was a refugee from Palestine. He had owned a garage in Haifa. Besides English and Arabic he could speak Hebrew "pretty good." "The Jewish have no chance if the British and Americans not tie our hands," he told me. "Not last twenty-four hours. Arab good soldiers. March all day. No eat. No sleep. Fight good. Jewish not last twenty-four hours." Later he told me the legend of the Samaritans who live in Nablus, just forty people on a mountain top. If a new baby is born an old man must die. When I asked him how that arrangement was possible he said, "Because Allah wants him to die." He told me that if you love a girl and she doesn't love you the Samaritans prepare a mystic paper. They throw it in front of her house or put it in her pocket. I asked him if it works, and he looked at me with indulgence. "But yes," he said.

Night fell across the desert and the amber eyes of a jackal glowed from the shoulder of the road. Troops in khaki with their red *keffiyehs* crowded the highway as we passed the headquarters of the Arab Legion. And then we were in Amman, mountain capital of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. Known as Philadelphia in ancient days, Amman is the home of young King Hussein, whose new palace sits high on a ridge. A Roman theatre, nearly intact, with seats for 5,000, rises steeply in front of the Hotel Philadelphia, the city's best. Here we put in for the night, and when morning came, truth to tell, I wasn't quite sure which was in better shape, the Roman amphitheatre or the hotel. If I had been His Highness, Hussein the Hashemite, I think I would have traded the Hotel Philadelphia to Kansas City along with the Philadelphia Athletics.

NEXT morning Arabi, the Plymouth, and I rolled westward towards Jerusalem, past the village known as Salt, past the brown tents of Bedouins, past the winter palace of Hussein near the Dead Sea, past mud huts with their blue doors, black veiled women with water cans on heads, past untethered burros wandering aimlessly, past an informal Bedouin school—a blackboard set up by the side of the road. The earth became strange and white and then suddenly there was an oasis of palms. Round a turn was the Allenby Bridge crossing the Jordan, a strip of muddy green in the beige earth. Customs officers sucked on limes and kids peddled Jordan water in tiny bottles for five piastres. There were white sand dunes on the far side of the Jordan, and then the oasis again, orchards full of banana trees, orange trees, date palms, and cypresses. This was modern Jericho on the plain of Jordan, twenty-four miles from Jerusalem and 853 feet below the level of the sea.

Arabi and I had a coffee at the scrubby little roadside stand at the edge of the Dead Sea, 1,286 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The luxurious seaside Kafia Hotel, built by Jews, has been blown up by Arabs.



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and there is little to lure the visitor now beyond the weatherbeaten tables, the sun-bleached umbrellas, and the rocky beach.

We rolled up the heights from sub-sea level to a half mile above it, and entered the partitioned city of Jerusalem, held partly by Jordanian Arabs and partly by Israelis. In the cease-fire arranged by the U.N. the Arabs came away with the bulk of the Holy Land sites, among them the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, traditional locale of the Crucifixion, Burial, and Resurrection; the Dome of the Rock, also called the Mosque of Omar, built by the Ommayad Caliph Abdul Malik Ibn Marwan in the seventh century, enclosing the huge rock from which, Moslems believe, Mohammed ascended to heaven and Abraham prepared to sacrifice his son Isaac.

The Arabs hold the Garden of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives, whence, according to Christian belief, Jesus ascended into Heaven. Bethlehem, once eight minutes from Jerusalem via the main road, is now a half-hour away. The old route crosses no-man's-land and lies partly in Israel, so a new road had to be built. Even so, it winds so perilously close to the border that my Arab escorts the other night refused to take the trip in the darkness. We went in the early morning instead, and watched a huge Armenian priest in a reddish robe conduct the mass while Greeks in black robes waited in the wings. Roman Catholics pray later, but Protestants come as sightseers or confine their worship to Christmas Eve. Bibles in olive-wood covers and silver crosses are sold in the Holy Land Store in Manger Square, across the street from the Nativity Church, a bazaar operated by M. Carravati, a Christian of Crusader origin who wears a fez.

The old standby hotel on the Arab side of Jerusalem is the American Colony, which has forty-three rooms, ten of them with baths. Its court is an Arabian garden planted with cypresses and palms, roaming geraniums which grow up the walls, and honeysuckle to perfume the air. Ceramic tiles made in Jerusalem and blue hands to ward off the evil eye decorate the walls. The new fifty-two-room Ambassador Hotel opened a few weeks ago. Over an air-conditioned lunch tourists can look through the picture windows to a stunning view of the Holy Land. The American Colony charges $7.70 a day for room, bath and full board, the Ambassador slightly less.

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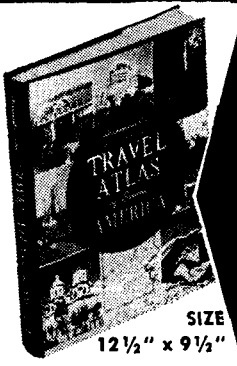

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the traveler will also need a military crossing permit from both sides obtained through the American consul in Jerusalem through a travel agent, or in the case of a pilgrim by the respective religious headquarters in Jerusalem. The Israelis ask three days time, not including from sundown Friday through sundown Saturday. The Jordanians ask forty-eight hours, not including Friday, a Moslem holiday. Since the American consulate is closed Sundays, anybody arriving Thursday can plan to spend the weekend.

The Jordanians insist on an exit visa, which is stamped in the passport on leaving, and travelers may only cross once and then only in one direction except at Easter and Christmas, when the rules are somewhat relaxed. Since most countries don't admit to the actual partition of Jerusalem, vice-consuls work on both sides of the lines. The British consul and the U.N. team have phones linking the sectors, but our diplomats must rely on relayed messages.

The Jaffa Gate, the Damascus Gate, the Golden Gate were all famous portals in the old days of Jerusalem, but the only passage way through which trans-sector visitors may filter nowadays is the Mandelbaum Gate. A mandelbaum is an almond tree, but this portal grafted its name from one ill-starred Mr. Mandelbaum, whose house on the border is now a customs hut.

On the Arab side the Mandelbaum Gate is barred with a cement barricade slit with peepholes. Arab Legionnaires with their red scarves and unsheathed bayonets lurk in the ruins. Travel posters advertising the Dome of the Rock decorate the walls of the Jordanian customs house, but the road outside is decorated with concertinas of barbed wire and the granite teeth of tank traps.

A drooping pepper tree and a eucalyptus heavy with yellow berries cast a shadow over an upended tank. While tourists in berets wait to be cleared, a stateless lizard scurries unhampered over the sandbags. An American Express agent shepherds a group tour across the lines. They come from the Grand Mediterranean Cruise of the *Independence*. Huddled in no-man's-land, they are refugees in mink. As I walked across the other morning a young Jordanian porter carried my bag to the halfway point, and an Israeli came out from the other side to pick it up. No-man's-land was deathly quiet, and no man stirred in the soulless house that sits in the ruins. From its portico hung a sign in Hebrew and in English. It said, "Welcome Within Thy Gates, O, Jerusalem." —HORACE SUTTON.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE BLACK WEEVER *Ronald Wills* (Roy: $2.50)	British blackmail plot involves popular author: hero preserves scripts, contract.	Involved, but saved by brisk style and lively pace.	Pleasant.
A NEW HANDBOOK ON HANGING *Charles Duff* (Regnery: $3.50)	Reissue of 1928 bombshell (uptodated) is biting commentary on capital punishment and much else.	Swiftian in scope and treatment, and excellent reading (with laughs even).	Great stuff.
SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY *Maurice Procter* (Harper: $2.75)	Robbery-killing in large English center keeps good police force on toes.	Realistic handling, fine detail, authentic cast all present.	Fine chase job.
A TREASURY OF SHERLOCK HOLMES *A. Conan Doyle* (Hanover House: $2.95)	"Study in Scarlet," "Hound of Baskervilles," and 27 shorts in this 700-page selection by author's son.	221B Baker St. is the address, and you'll feel right at home.	Pleased to re-meet you.
CUE FOR MURDER *Matt Bryant* (Vanguard: $2.50)	Broadway biggie curtained; innocent eye-witness works way out.	Theatre chatter good, but too much of it; some neat wisecracks.	On plus side.
HAMMER ME HOME *Richard R. Werry* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Denver accountant lams with 17Gs, tries to start life anew in Texas, but . . .	Best people and lurid lugs mix in this wages-of-sin job.	Fifty-fifty.
THE MAN IN THE GREEN HAT *Manning Coles* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Agent Tommy Hambledon, flip as ever, trails vanished diplomat in Lake Como area.	Usual pleasant spoofery, with grand scenery, fast action.	Old formula still works.
DEAD AND GONE *Manly Wade Wellman* (U. of N. C. Press: $3)	Ten "classic crimes of North Carolina" in this excellent factual roundup.	Yarns nicely documented; suspense, character factors well managed.	Choice collection.
TRAITOR'S PASS *David Duff* (Roy: $2.50)	British agent trails stolen secret weapon across Channel to Pyrenees; lady present.	Much of action on (and under) water; usual props, but pace is heady.	Nice chase job.
MARACAIBO *Stirling Silliphant* (Farrar, Straus: $2.75)	Blazing Venezuela oil well gives Pulitzer poetess something to write home about.	Love crosscurrents abound in yarn that thrills only in spots.	Too much writing.
CLEAN BREAK *Lionel White* (Dutton: $2.75)	Ex-con's elaborate plan to rob N. Y. race-track is gimmick-proof—almost.	Characters real but, uniformly unpleasant; good build-up pace.	Tension all the way.
THE MEN WITH THREE EYES *Louisa Revell* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Three die in D.C. slum area as ex-teacher Julia Tyler, 69, vacations at settlement house.	Former Latinist pert as ever in authentic, novel setting; cast unusual, good.	Funny and fast.
MURDER IN TRINIDAD *John W. Vandercook* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Yank prof., sabbaticating in Caribbean, ties up with British agent on dope trail.	Civilized yarn saved from conventionality by nice background (reissue of '33 opus).	Leisurely thriller.
DON'T FEED THE ANIMALS *John Farr* (Abelard-Schuman: $2.50)	Triple slaughter jolts San Diego zoo staff; other fauna also in dither.	Dames dull, pace medium; good natural history helps this one.	Pass mark.
THE MEAN STREETS *Thomas B. Dewey* (S&S: $2.50)	Midwest op. poses as high-school coach to tail young delinquents.	Sex, dope, lowlifers abundant; denouement telegraphed.	Not too credible.
DEATH HAS THREE LIVES *Brett Halliday* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Miami eye Michael Shayne crossed up by own evidence-suppressing secretary.	Tender passion obtrudes; much brandy taken between corpses.	Formula toughie.
SO MANY STEPS TO DEATH *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	British scientist lams; red-headed gal acts as decoy in North African chase.	Switcheroos numerous in this fantasia, but some of old magic remains. —SERGEANT CUFF.	Come back Poirot!

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Literary Sampler

Continued from page 17

it contains at least thirty peculiarities —differences from normal English. Two for every second!

The reader who is not English should realize from this very short Cockney difficult: it has several kinds of slang (including the rhyming variety: 'up the apples and pears' for 'up the stairs'), a vocabulary of its own ('mog-an ordinary cat) and a great wealth of idioms. It is rich, warm-hearted, familiar, and the true Cockney manner of speech goes with treating everybody as an equal and as a friend. Plays are written in Cockney: "Down Our Street," by Henry George, ran for weeks in the West End of London. Sometimes one comes upon wonderful combinations and uses of words. I jotted this down recently:

> " 'Ello, ole cock, ow go? Ain't see yerfer monfs, I ain't! Blime if ye'r not lookin bet'ern I seen yer fer years. Seen ole Fred litely? Nah? I sor im wiv a very commeelfow bitta lars week, n'im werin' the funniest titfer ever wos. Crikey! Wotta peach! Fancy ole Fred, 'n ye woodn' fink but'r'd blinkin' well melt 'n 'iz mowf! . . . Wot'd 'iz drum 'n fife sigh!

That was the greeting I once got from an old Cockney friend who, some years ago, used to be a municipal dustman. For those who are not Londoners, here is a translation.

> "Hallo, old cock, how goes it? Haven't seen you for months, I haven't. Blind me, if you're not looking better than I've seen you for years. Seen old Fred lately? No? I saw him with a very *comme il faut* lady last week and him wearing the funniest hat (tit-for-*tat*') that ever was. Well *now*! What a peach! Francy old Fred, and you wouldn't think that butter would blinkin' well (ever by any chance) melt in his mouth! . . . What would his wife say!"

example that Cockney is difficult: The specimen may even give him some idea of the Cockney's spirit and humorous way of looking at things; and of how he expresses himself. I cannot promise the stranger that he will always understand the Londoner —at least not until he has lived there for some time and made some attempt to master the commonest features of this rich dialect. But I do promise him that should he make the effort and become familiar with it he will reap a rich reward.

—From "England and the English" by Charles Duff (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

What sort of future has Sang Gi, crippled by a bit of shrapnel? What are his chances, begging on the streets of Seoul, with his homemade crutches? He has no home, no parents, no schooling. He has a good and intelligent face, but—?

Is his future any business of mine? Should I be concerned with cripples and the needs and suffering of others? When I have enough to eat should I be worried because others don't, including little children? Should I care, when I was lucky enough to be born in America instead of India, where the majority of people do not get enough to eat and some are actually starving? What is the reason I was not born in Korea, like Sang Gi? There are still 35,000 homeless children in Korea. Why don't I live in a hut made of rubble, old tin cans and half rotten scraps of wood in Southern Italy, Hong Kong or in a crowded Austrian refugee camp? Why don't I happen to be a man with a job in Calcutta, working steady every day for long hours, who sleeps in the streets every night because my job does not pay me enough to share even a single room with a dozen other persons—a room without a stitch of furniture or protection from flies, swarming with bed bugs and without any sanitary arrangements whatever?

I am a Christian. Does that make me my brother's keeper? When my stomach is full must I be concerned about others, whose stomachs are empty? Must I? Am I *compelled* to think about these others? Or is it just, God helping me, that I *want* to think about them and because I have a heart, desire to help them?

No gift is too small to give a child a bit of bread. Or you can have some pitiful, homeless and hungry child brought into a Christian Children's Fund orphanage-school and be given a decent chance in life by "adopting" a child. The cost, $10.00 a month, is the same in all of the following 28 different countries: Austria, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, France, Free China, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Germany.

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Spring Poll

Continued from page 15

during his five years in Russia. (Cady, O'Neill, Rothermel.)

THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT. *By Jim Bishop. Harper & Bros.* $3.75.
The events leading up to the assassination of the President on April 14, 1865 recounted in detail. (Cady, Cross, McAlister.)

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS MRS. A. *By Richard Aldrich. Greystone Press.* $4.50.
Some best-selling vitamins about the incomparable Gertie and of her winning ways with Mr. Aldrich (who started each day with a glass of cold milk) and with her icy and aristocratic mother-in-law (who refused to read Bernard Shaw because he had written "Mrs. Warren's Profession.") (Hormel, North, Thomas B. Sherman.)

THE LETTERS OF W. B. YEATS. *Edited by Allan Wade. The Macmillan Co.* $9.50.
A trunkful of Yeatsiana, including romantic letters to Lady Gregory, delicate ones to Olivia Shakespeare, and a great many other interesting and intelligent messages, all put together by a former friend of the poet. (Dolbier, Emmart, Wyllie.)

TWO MINUTES TILL MIDNIGHT. *By Elmer Davis. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $2.75.
A distinguished political commentator's analysis and warning about the future that faces every man. (McAlister, Jackson, Thomas B. Sherman.)

YOUNG SAM JOHNSON. *By James L. Clifford. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $5.75.
A substantial biography of the early years of the lumbering lexicographer's life (long before Boswell was around). (Herzberg, Hormel, Smith.)

THE twenty-eight critics who participated in the *SR*'s seventh annual spring book poll are:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *Providence Journal*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
A. D. EMMART, *Baltimore Sun*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark Evening & Sunday News*
OLIVE DEANE HORMEL, *Christian Science Monitor*
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun-Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
DURWOOD MCALISTER, *Atlanta Journal*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
STERLING NORTH, North Weekly Book Service
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
J. F. ROTHERMEL, *Birmingham News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

TWO VOTES

ACADEMIC FREEDOM. *By Russel Kirk. Henry Regnery Co.* $3.75.
An examination of some cases in the struggle for academic freedom, including a detailed examination of the dismissal of the director of the University of Chicago Press, the firing of some thinkers on the University of Nevada faculty, and some sharp issue with William F. Buckley, Jr.'s new interpretation of academic freedom as he sees it. (Hass, Smith.)

BIRDS OF THE WORLD. *By Paul Barruel. Translated by Phyllis Barclay-Smith. Oxford University Press.* $12.50.
The first book ever to answer *worldwide* ornithological questions, from the Falklands to the Dead Sea and other places, being a compendium of the flight, feeding, foraging, and mating habits of both solitary and gregarious birds. (Bradley, McManis.)

CONQUEST BY MAN. *By Paul Herrmann. Translated by Michael Bullock. Harper.* $6.
A compilation of facts and legends about the far corners of the world in ancient times. (McAlister, McManis.)

GRAND INQUEST. *By Telford Taylor. Simon & Schuster.* $4.50.
An account of Congressional investigations with an appraisal of their usefulness to our present situation. (O'Neill, Snajdr.)

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF SIGMUND FREUD: Vol. 2, Years of Maturity, 1901-1919. *By Ernest Jones. Basic Books.* $6.75.
The second volume of a biography, this one being entitled "Years of Maturity" and being about a fellow who had a good deal to say about maturity and other interesting psychological subjects. (Cross, Kogan.)

SOUTH COL. *By Wilfrid Noyes. William Sloane Assoc.* $5.
Sir John Hunt's "The Conquest of Everest" failed to answer such interesting questions as how the climbers felt and what they thought. Mr. Noyes's book, which is subtitled "A Personal Account of the Ascent of Everest," does *not* fail to answer these questions. (Cady, Douglas.)

PARTY OF ONE. *By Clifton Fadiman. World Publishing Co.* $5.
Some civilized remarks on such interesting subjects as Judy Garland, a Schrafft waitress, and the lively arts of the last quarter century, all collected from the works of an old hand at civilized remarks. (Cross, Herzberg.)

THE TRAIN ON TRACK SIX. *By James Thurber. Simon & Schuster.* $3.
This one begins, "June was sleeping on Farland's lawn, but Halloween was in his thoughts, and the night sat like a goblin on the edge of his study couch"—and takes off from there into, according to Mr. Thurber himself, six big production numbers and a pretty wild chase scene to tie it all up. (Dolbier, Kogan.)

THE TWENTIES. *By Frederick J. Hoffman. Viking Press.* $6.
An interpretation of American writing during the postwar decade. (Herzberg, Yeiser.)

WHY JOHNNY CAN'T READ AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT. *By Rudolf Flesch. Harper & Bros.* $3.
An angry book which offers step-by-step instructions on teaching Johnny to read at home since, Dr. Flesch contends, he will probably never learn in today's schools. (Jackson, North.)

ONE VOTE

ALEXANDRE DUMAS. *By Andre Maurois. Translated by Jack Palmer White. Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.50.
A volume in the Great Lives in Brief Series that tells the story of the French writer who fathered five to six hundred volumes. (John K. Sherman.)

THE AMERICAN STORY. *By Garet Garrett. Henry Regnery Co.* $5.
The theme of this history manages to make it seem that the U. S., after a promising start, has been on the skids since 1898. (Smith.)

THE ASSASSINS. *By Robert J. Donovan. Harper & Bros.* $4.
Seven attempts have been made on the lives of U. S. Presidents, three of them successfully. Mr. Donovan tells all about all of them and about the bizarre fellows who did the dirty work. (Kogan.)

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *By Edwin Muir. William Sloane Assoc.* $5.
The personal history of a boy from the Orkney Islands who achieved distinction as a translator, poet, and essayist. (Dolbier.)

BEFORE I KILL MORE. *By Lucy Freeman. Crown Publishers.* $3.50.
Some clinical analysis of the two selves of William Heirens, Chicago's boy murderer. By the journalistically psychological lady who wrote "Fight Against Fears." (Kogan.)

BENT'S FORT. *By David Lavender. Doubleday & Co.* $5.50.
The story of the famous nineteenth-century trading post in what is now Southeastern Colorado and of the picturesque men who passed through it. (Smith.)

BIRTHDAYS FROM THE OCEAN. *By Isabella Gardner. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.
A collection of nice poems by a young and imaginative poet. (Bradley.)

BOOTH TARKINGTON. *By James Woodress. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $5.
Some big-hearted biography about "The Gentleman from Indiana," which traces Tarkington's stories to some authentic American roots and to other places. (Bond.)

BOTTOMS UP! *By Cornelia Otis Skinner. Dodd, Mead & Co.* $3.
This time, if you want to, you can dine with the ubiquitous Miss Skinner as *she* dines with an annual convention of obstetricians or you can have a carrot juice cocktail with her at a health bar. (Rothermel.)

CIVILIZATION AND FOREIGN POLICY. *By Louis J. Halle. Harper & Bros.* $3.75.
The effort of a former member of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff to formulate a body of general theory that should govern our foreign relations. (Wyllie.)

COLLECTED POEMS: 1928-1953. *By Stephen Spender. Random House.* $4.
Selections from the previous work of one of the leading contemporary British poets. (Wyllie.)

CRUSADE IN ASIA. *By Carlos P. Romulo. John Day Co.* $4.50.
A dedicated history of some of the high jinks that have gone on in the Philippines, of the subsequent victory of the forces of right, and of Mr. Romulo's plea that America is lost if Asia is lost. (Hormel.)

THE DIRECTION OF HUMAN DEVELOPMENT. *By M. F. Ashley Montagu. Harper & Bros.* $5.
Professor Montagu confronts the question: "By what processes does man become a social being?" Then he sets about answering it by biology, by anthropology, and by some descriptions of little-known experiments on amoebas, cats, rats, bass, and other interesting guinea pigs. (John K. Sherman.)

THE EXPANSION OF ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND. *By A. L. Rowse. St. Martin's Press.* $7.50.
A substantial history of the Elizabethans which depicts them in the enviable (or not so enviable) position of being the most vigorous national society in Europe of that time and which includes a good deal of description of the beginnings of the arts of navigation, maritime warfare, self-government, and other important historical trends. To be published in June. (Dolbier.)

THE FALL OF FRANCE: June 1940: Assignment to Catastrophe. Vol. Two. *By Major General Sir Edward L. Spears. A. A. Wyn.* $5.
The second volume of a two-part work, the whole being known as "Assignment to Catastrophe" and the first part as "Prelude to Dunkirk." Now General Spears gets right into Dunkirk, tells the inside story of it, of the fall of the Maginot Line, and of the final collapse of the French to the Nazis. (McAlister.)

THE FRONTIERS OF ASTRONOMY. *By Fred Hoyle. Harper & Bros.* Probable price, $5.
A major assessment of the major discoveries in physics and astronomy in the past quarter century, together with some speculation about the future. By the author of "The Nature of the Universe." (Barkham.)

HALLELUJAH, MISSISSIPPI. *By Louis Cochran. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $3.50.
The recollections, most of them fond, of a boyhood spent in the Deep South. (Smith.)

HENRY GEORGE. *By Charles Albro Barker. Oxford University Press.* $9.50.
A socially-conscious biography of a socially-conscious nineteenth-century crusader who latched on to the idea of the single tax and

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plumped for it in the U. S., Britain, and other places. (Bradley.)

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY IN THE MIDDLE AGES. *By Etienne Gilson. Random House.* $7.50.
A scholarly history of the main currents of medieval thought by one of the leading Catholic philosophers of our time. (Emmart.)

INNOCENCE UNDER THE ELMS. *By Louise Dickinson Rich. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.75.
The memories of a New England girlhood. (Hormel.)

JAPAN. *By Werner Bischof. Simon & Schuster.* $10.
Some stylized and beautiful photographs of a stylized country (especially its old and its new ways and its Kabuki and No theaters), all done before the untimely death of photographer Bischof. (Tinkle.)

JOHN SLOAN, A PAINTER'S LIFE. *By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $5.
A biography of a leading figure in American artistic activity during the first half of the present century. (Douglas.)

MEMORIES. *By Ethel Barrymore. Harper & Bros.* $4.
Household quotations and wheezes, a tour with Madame Modjeska, pawnshops in New York, and, of course, stardom, all wrapped up by one of the first ladies of the theatre as a gentle, autumnal memoir. (Flowers.)

THE MINT. *By T. E. Lawrence. Doubleday & Co.* Limited edition of 1,000 copies, $20 each.
A record of the noted writer's experiences as an RAF cadet in World War I. (McAlister.)

NOBLE SAVAGE: The Life of Paul Gauguin. *By Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson. Random House.* $5.
A new biography of the artist who insisted on going his own way, and including some new material and some debunking of popular misconceptions about the man. (O'Neill.)

ONIONS IN THE STEW. *By Betty MacDonald. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.50.
Miss "The Egg and I" MacDonald is working hard to produce an even dozen. This one is about her life among the morning glories, the quack grass, and the rampaging wisteria on an island in the Northwest. (Babcock.)

THE OPPOSING SELF. *By Lionel Trilling. Viking Press.* $3.50.
An examination of the work of more than half a dozen nineteenth-century writers and a comparison of them with those of the twentieth century to discover the nature of the modern self. (Hass.)

THE PARKMAN READER. *Edited by Samuel Eliot Morison. Little, Brown & Co.* $6.
Some substantial selections from an old historian's volumes on "France and England in North America," including a good deal of material on Native Tribes, the wars of King William and of Queen Anne, and on other early American affairs. (North.)

A PASSION FOR POLITICS. *The Autobiography of Louis Brownlow. University of Chicago Press.* $7.50.
The first half of a two-part biography of a raconteur who has been a newspaper reporter, a politician, and an administrator, but who still knows how to spin a tale. (Douglas.)

POLITICS IN AMERICA. *By D. W. Brogan. Harper & Bros.* $5.
The work of a gifted Scot that enables us to see ourselves as others see us. (Snajdr.)

A SOUTHERN READER. *Edited by Willard Thorp. Alfred A. Knopf.* $7.50.
The whole sweep of Southern history (politics, religion, and chivalry, among other things) as recorded in Southern diaries, Southern letters, Southern speeches and short stories, and in the writings of quite a few Yankees too. (Bradley.)

THE SUSQUEHANNA. *By Carl Carmer. Rinehart & Co.* $5.
This latest volume in the Rivers of America Series retells the lore and legend of a great river that runs from New York State through Pennsylvania and into Maryland. (Douglas.)

SWIFT: An Introduction. *By Ricardo Quintana. Oxford University Press.* $4.25.
A learned discussion of the eighteenth-century satirist, showing the relationships of his writings to his times—some facts, it seems, which are often overlooked. (Emmart.)

THOMAS WOLFE: The Weather of his Youth. *By Louis D. Rubin, Jr. Louisiana State University Press.* $3.50.
Mr. Rubin's thesis about Mr. Wolfe's writing is that Mr. Wolfe had a tremendous preoccupation with *change* which in turn was marked by an acute consciousness of *time*, and, with these two things in mind, he steers a careful course between the idolators and the critics of the author of "Of Time and the River" and other well-known works. (Emmart.)

THOREAU: A Century of Criticism. *Edited by Walter Harding. Southern Methodist University Press.* $3.75.
A collection of a century's criticisms of the man "who picked strawberries in Emerson's own garden." The writers of the criticisms (the more recent of whom are all for Thoreau): Bronson Alcott, Havelock Ellis, and others. (Hass.)

TO THE ONE I LOVE BEST. *By Ludwig Bemelmans. Viking Press.* $3.75.
An intimate, episodic word-portrait of the late Elsie de Wolfe—Lady Mendl. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

THE TRAGEDY AT ROAD-HILL HOUSE. *By Yseult Bridges. Rinehart & Co.* $3.50.
Being the true chronicle of a celebrated murder at Road-Hill House, Wilts, England, on June 30, 1860, plus some new evidence which raises fresh doubts as to whether justice was done. (Hass.)

VORKUTA. *By Joseph Scholmer. Translated by Robert Kee. Henry Holt & Co.* $3.75.
A German doctor tells of his three-and-a-half-year's experiences in a Russian prison (pop. 250,000) and, among other things, of the first mass strike ever to take place in the USSR. (McAlister.)

THE WORLD OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER. *Photographs by Erica Anderson, Text and Captions by Eugene Exman. Harper & Bros.* $5.
A picture-and-text treatment of the great humanitarian's life, all put together by two ardent admirers and published on his eightieth birthday. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

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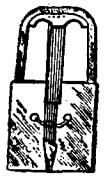
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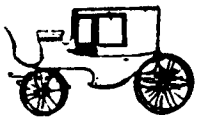
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Schweitzer's Birthday at Lambarene

Continued from page 13

one is allowed to stand out-of-doors without covering the head—it is a rule and it is obeyed. The Doctor has an antipathy to publicity. We learned that all requests of journalists to attend the birthday celebration at Lambarene had been refused—"There will be no celebration and hence no story." So alert is the staff to ruses that might succeed in evading the order for privacy that shortly after we arrived one of the sisters asked about our friend, M. Joos. When I said he was a friend who worked with Radio Brazzaville she immediately said that he would find his efforts in vain. I said he had no intention of acting for Radio Brazzaville, and she asked then why we had arrived with a portable tape recorder. I said that belonged to me, but if it was not allowed, it would not be used. I further said this friend had been asked by me to act as interpreter because I did not trust my French to do justice to whatever Dr. Schweitzer might have to say during the day. When that was communicated to the Doctor he smiled and said the friend was welcome. But he insisted no newspaperman should write at first hand of the day since he had refused all such demands.

Once at table silence fell, heads bowed, and the Doctor said a simple grace. We started general conversation, passed serving dishes across the table and from right to left; the Doctor sat in the middle, with Mrs. Schweitzer at his right and Sister Mathilde on his left. I sat across from Dr. Schweitzer with Mr. Bowles on my left and Dr. Percy, chief surgeon, on my right. It was steamy, hot, and heavy, yet the Doctor did not appear to perspire; his eyes twinkled, his skin is remarkably fresh and alive. He rose early in the birthday lunch and tinkling his glass with the back of a spoon addressed the gathering. Absolute silence fell. He said there are rules in Lambarene. One was that there are no speeches allowed, but another is that rules are made to be broken and so he would make a little speech. He also said he felt that speeches should be at the beginning rather than the end of meals. The speaker can then enjoy his meal and not worry what he is to say. He extended a welcome to his guests. He said how glad he was to be back in Lambarene, which is his real home and where he always wants to be on his birthday. He said January 14 was not only his birthday but that of his only child, a daughter, born on January 14 at the same hour of the day as he; it was also the birth date of Dr. Percy, the surgeon at the hospital, who was unaware of that fact until after his arrival at Lambarene.

The address caught everyone by surprise, including myself, but it was evident that the Doctor was in a jolly mood, thoroughly enjoying his company and surroundings. There was little further ceremony. I learned from the staff that early in the morning Africans had tendered him their most precious possessions—chickens, eggs, breadfruit, and in some instances rough carvings and fetishes. The mail at Lambarene had been exceptionally heavy in recent days as greetings poured in from all over the world.

AFTER lunch Dr. Schweitzer went to his quarters and we were taken in hand by Dr. Percy, the chief surgeon, and shown around the hospitals. I had heard much criticism of the unsanitary conditions and disorderliness among the Africans prevailing in the hospital area. I suppose this is true if one holds it up to the mirror of modern Western standards. But the important thing is the service that is being rendered to the African. To him and his family the shelter of the hospital and the simplicity with which the patient is treated in accordance with the manner of his previous living makes him feel welcome and does not frighten him away back into the bush after a brief brush with Western man and methods. The primitive African patient brings his possessions with him: a cooking pot, one or two chickens sometimes, and other items. He knows that if he left them behind in his village he would not find them when he returns and, moreover, no one would know about them. All day long African canoes come and leave, bringing and bearing away the sick and cured. As is well known, the African brings his whole family and they cook for him and look after him until he is well. Thus, in moving about in the hospital area one sees rows of square enclosures which are the sick patients' rooms; invariably the patient is on the floor rather than on the bed and always his family is camped in an adjoining protected area, busy over the cooking pot heated over charcoal, or tending children who skip about happily in the mud or dirt. The sheep and goats one sees in the hospital area belong generally to patients or native helpers. This is their sole wealth. They are kept not so much for meat or milk as for their manure which fertilizes vegetables. Formerly the goats were valued for their milk, but powdered milk in tins is now commoner. Chickens are kept for eggs. There is an air of quiet assurance and contentment in the area of the hospital building which must be reassuring to the soul. This, as the medical world will acknowledge, is often instrumental in curing the ills of the body. We were shown into the operating room, which was immaculately clean and where a recently unpacked high-power electrical lamp was suspended over the operating table. We were shown the surgical instruments, all clean and properly in order in a closet near the operating table. Adjoining was the sterilizing room, where water was being constantly heated in a pressure boiler. We saw the isolated area where, in two buildings, are housed tubercular patients. We walked through thick, tropical growth the quarter-mile that separated the outpatients' clinic from the new leper village made possible by the funds the Doctor received from the Nobel Peace Award. All was activity in this area; rows of new pavillions had already been erected and teams of lepers, each under the supervision of a white sister, were busily engaged in bringing down from the hill above loads of earth to be packed by stamping to form terraces alongside the pavillions.

Returning from this circular tour, we passed again along a forest trail and through a burial ground. We saw a group of Africans idly centered about an open grave where, we were told, one of the oldest of Dr. Schweitzer's hospital helpers was to be buried later in the afternoon.

Shortly after our return from the tour the gong rang, and before I could get in motion I saw two African bearers carrying a litter, which Dr. Schweitzer, because of his knee, has to use. He was on his way to the funeral. Nurses and others followed, occasionally breaking into a run as they attempted to keep up with the pace by which Dr. Schweitzer was being borne along the trail to join the large assemblage of natives about the grave. This particular burial ground is reserved for those the Doctor calls the faithful.

The Doctor assumed his position at the head of the grave, bareheaded, with Bible in hand.

It was then that I was so forcefully impressed with the youthfulness of

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this octogenarian. He stood there quietly erect and the great simplicity of his bearing harmonized with the rite he was about to perform. A feeling of great peace settled over all who were there—a peace which was borrowed from and shared by the natural growing things that make up a tropical forest area. It was significant that Schweitzer, on the very day he celebrated the completion of his eightieth year and in the full vigor of his strength, should stand at the head of the grave of one who, in a simple and humble capacity, had nonetheless been loyal and had served long and well and to the maximum of his ability and strength the same cause for which the Doctor had given forty-three of his eighty years.

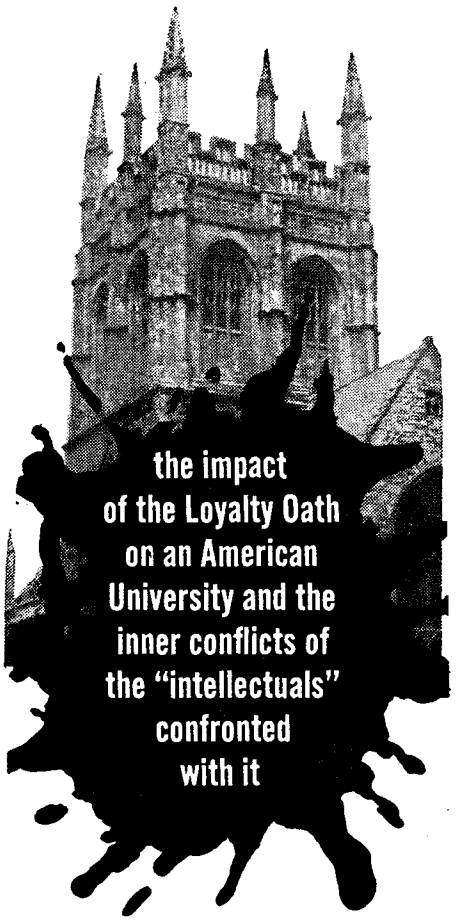
In a firm, resonant voice he read from Psalms and the Sermon on the Mount. He recited the Lord's Prayer and then said a few words about the deceased, whose mortal remains, wrapped in a blanket and palm leaves, had already been lowered into the open grave. He told how Auguste—faithful Auguste—servant for twenty years, had not always been faithful. In fact, when he first left the hospital after temporarily working there he was not missed. But during the absence something had happened to him and he had changed. From then on there had been no more loyal servant. He was forever in good humor and even after the apoplectic stroke, when he could no longer speak, he always smiled. He even died with a sweet smile on his face, which showed that his had been a rich life and his rewards, as to all those faithful, were well assured. Dr. Schweitzer enjoined his listeners to take example from Auguste's life. As the Doctor spoke a small, black serpent slithered through the grass and passed inches from the Doctor's feet. One of the sisters stepped forward and reached to snatch it away if it looked like striking at the Doctor. It moved on past and disappeared over the mound of earth at the side of the grave. At the conclusion of his remarks Dr. Schweitzer reached down and in the name of "the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost" sprinkled handfuls of earth over the remains at the bottom of the grave. Each in turn did the same and then slowly we wound our way, following the Doctor, back to the village.

EVENING in Lambarene comes gently. The heat of the day gives way to a slight coolness. The air is heavy with moisture, now mixed with smoke from hundreds of fires where Africans are cooking the evening meal. A bluish tinge spreads into the air and the sinking sun lights the sky with pinks and oranges. The palms are still, the river placid and darkening. Native pirogues slip swiftly over the surface, at first darker than the water and then merging into the blackness. The sharp cries of the day, the barking of dogs, the cackling of hens, and the calls of water birds are stilled. In their place is a gentle hum of voices, an occasional strum of a musical string. The quiet descends with the darkness as if it were a quality of it.

At seven we met for supper, again at the same board. Mrs. Schweitzer preferred the quietness of her room, but the Doctor presided in excellent spirits. He bantered with everyone. The meal finished, hymnbook, prayerbook, and Bible were brought and all in silence awaited the beginning of the devotional. The Doctor announced the hymn and then rose and went to the upright piano. He played through the tune once and then all joined in singing the three verses. I turned in my chair to watch the hands that have rendered Bach more expressively than any contemporary musician. The hymn ended, we listened to a few verses from the Bible, the Lord's Prayer, and an amen.

There was conversation about India, during which the Doctor was at his brilliant and witty best. He made the interpreter's task difficult by the agility of his mind and his rapier-like humor. To his staff it was obviously a great treat to listen to him, for they gathered close and were attentive to every word. Before arising to withdraw the Doctor again thanked his guests. He said it is exceedingly rare for him to indulge in conversation at Lambarene, where it is usually days on days of jobs to be done that fill each waking hour, but that he was allowing himself an indulgence on his birthday.

Thus passed the day of January 14, 1955, at Lambarene. Thus Dr. Schweitzer entered his eighty-first year. And thus no doubt day will follow day until inevitably death overtakes Dr. Schweitzer himself and his task is done. I am thinking now of those who from out of the confusion and turmoil of our modern life voice criticism of this great man for seeming to bury his talents in the wilderness of Africa. Lambarene is, as the Doctor himself has said, his home. There, in his home in Lambarene, one finds peace and contentment; perfectness and concentrated energy; dedication to the simple and uncomplicated truth; love such as most of us dare not express, much less live. There is no consideration of race but simply of human beings, God's creatures. God is given His place in Lambarene, and that perhaps explains the peacefulness of the day passed with Dr. Schweitzer when he turned eighty on January 14.



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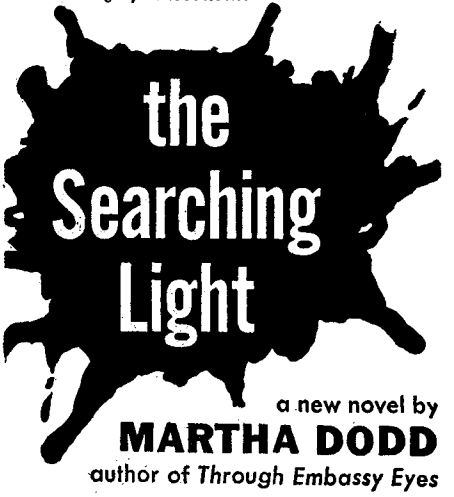

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It's Still Murder

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children's sexual development. They stimulate morbid—especially sadistic—sexuality in young children, without leaving any other outlet except deviate day-dreaming, masturbation, or delinquency. Children lived in insecure homes formerly, too. But where is a single case before the comic-book era in which four little boys aged nine and one aged ten lured a nine-year old little girl to a park, tied her to a tree, threatened her with a knife, tore off her clothes, and kicked her and bludgeoned her all over with an iron pipe? This isn't "inner aggression." It is a lesson well learned. The teachers become millionaires, the pupils go to reformatories.

WHEN we ask what can be done now we must first face the question of what we have done—or not done—up to now. It is my belief that to have permitted this comics corruption for years, and to continue to permit it, is the great guilt of all those responsible for the welfare of children. Never before in the history of civilized countries have adults been more deficient in their duty to the young. They have talked about morality being a matter of the home, about well-brought-up children not going astray; they have repeated the pseudo-morality and pseudo-science about children needing "release for their pent-up aggressions." The modern child's operative environment is larger than the home. He meets outside influences early in life. Often he encounters comic books when he is only three or four or five. He may not understand all the specific implications, but seeds are sown nevertheless.

The classical platitude was *Business Week*'s "Juvenile delinquency is as complex as society itself." *Of course* there are other evil influences to which we expose children. That does not mean we should take for granted, and do nothing about, any one injurious factor. The comic-book pest, which we can isolate, is one of the worst and most far-reaching. I have heard responsible moral leaders and educators say—both publicly and privately—that comic-book control would interfere with freedom! Evidently they think that to allow an industry to seduce children is democratic, while to prevent an industry from seducing children is undemocratic.

The comic-book situation is such that it is impossible to publish lists of comic books to any good purpose. The whole approach has proved to be ineffective. Parents do not have time to check the changing lists and the changing supply of comics bought by their children—not to speak of the comic books read outside the home.

What is remarkable to me is not that delinquency is so high, but that children are so resistant, that not more of them are affected by all the glorification of vice and violence to which we expose them. It is just quibbling when the Rev. R. W. Gilbert, of the American Civil Liberties Union, appearing before the Colorado Senate Judiciary Committee to protest against a proposed comics law, argues that "crime and horror comics" are only "a minor factor." How does he know that? They certainly don't make it easy for children to lead a decent life and remain un-delinquent!

The comic-book industry is both aggressive and belligerent. Some time ago a minister objected to the display of lurid comics to children in his neighborhood. Immediately a comic-book publisher threatened him with a lawsuit. The minister gave in, feeling he could not run such a risk for the sake of his family and his church. That is another reason why a comic-book control law is necessary. The general public has no idea what an important role such legal threats have played all along in curtailing freedom of expression—*for comic-book critics.*

Against the current widespread movement for legal control of children's crime comics the closely knit industry has just now set up a large-scale defense. It consists of an association, a code, and a self-censor or "czar." What, objectively, has this elaborate set-up accomplished during the months of its existence?

There have been codes before. They are of two types: intra-office codes which are indispensable for our understanding of the publishers' mentality and their concern for children, and general codes for public consumption. Here are some items from a 1942 intra-office code of a big publisher: Item "3. Never show an electric chair or hanging. If we must show a hanging, a silhouette will do the trick. If we must show an electrocution, have the lights dim and go on again. This will not offend the mothers and fathers of our readers." Item "7. We must not roast anybody alive." Item "11. Little children are not to be killed. On rare occasions—not too often—it may be necessary to threaten their lives, but that's all." Item "12. We must not chop limbs off characters. The same goes for putting people's eyes out."

A general code was in existence just prior to the present one. It was much publicized by the Association of Com-

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ics Magazine Publishers, the immediate predecessor of the present Comics Magazine Association of America. It also, like the present one, had its seal on comic books, "Authorized ACMP. Conforms to the Comics Code." And comic books with that seal of approval were, if anything, more vicious and harmful than those without it. Yet the president of this ACMP, Harold A. Moore, now one of the eight directors of the present association, wrote in an article addressed to newsdealers in July 1954: "The Association of Comics Magazine Publishers was formed several years ago to formulate and enforce a code. . . . The Association of Comics Magazine Publishers is on the job." A large advertisement in the same journal showed their seal of approval with this caption: "ON THE JOB!" August was a month of vacation. Suddenly in September came an announcement of a new association (composed of practically the same members, except for the largest non-crime comics publisher), a new code administrator, ex-city magistrate Murphy, and a new code. The public is evidently fascinated by the magic word *code*. Actually, if you want to eliminate the obviously harmful ingredients in comics you don't need a *code*. All you need is to *do* it.

THE industry has busied itself in sending to people all over the country who are interested in children a "Fact Kit." This is a nicely packaged collection of brief pamphlets, including the code and a large facsimile of the seal. How does this "Fact Kit" compare with the facts?

The pamphlet against comics-control legislation completely fails to bring out the most important fact: namely, that the Supreme Court in the much-quoted Winters case left the door wide open for a control law on the state level in the field of comics which contain "stimulation of juvenile delinquency." It boasts that an anti-comics law in Los Angeles County was declared unconstitutional in 1949. As a matter of fact, however, such a law is in effect there right now.

The "Fact Kit" says: "There is one universally recognized form of control which has been recommended by thinking people all over the nation who have been concerned with this problem—self-regulation at the source." The facts are somewhat different. Senator Nat Washington, of the Washington State Senate, expressed them officially like this: "The self-policing code is just another smokescreen to make it more difficult to pass much-needed legislation. Self-censorship just will not work, because nothing as foul as the crime comic-book industry can be expected voluntarily to clean itself up."

Almost half of one pamphlet contains an endorsement of Mr. Murphy and the association's self-regulation by Assemblyman James A. Fitzpatrick, chairman of the Joint Legislative Committee of New York State. That was made, however, before Mr. Fitzpatrick saw comics with the seal of approval. After studying some of *them* he stated that the comics industry had *failed* to regulate itself and eliminate material that contributed to delinquency. He referred especially to the "steady stream of violence and crime," and said, "We are alarmed over the continued violence in comic books despite the industry's self-regulating code."

Another pamphlet in this "Fact Kit" contains endorsements from many newspapers. All refer to promises for the future; not a single one is based on an examination of comic books with the seal of approval. The pamphlet on the comics and juvenile delinquency is skimpy, containing only a few quotations, some of them very familiar and well worn, others outdated (like the 1941 statement that "well-balanced children are not upset by even the more horrible scenes in the comics as long as the reason for the threat of torture is clear"—an outrageous statement in 1941 and no better in 1955). Authoritative statements like those of Police Commissioner Adams or James V. Bennett, director of Federal prisons, *et al.*, are not mentioned.

The code itself is a pious document. Liquor advertising is forbidden. There never was any. The word *crime* "shall never appear alone on a cover." It never did. "Divorce shall not be treated humorously." Was it, ever? The code does not even mention narcotics and drug addiction, which have played such an infamous role in crime and love comics. Pools of blood are not mentioned, either—and they are in "seal"-ed comic books right now. The code does not forbid cruelty to children. And a seal-approved comic book shows a little boy grabbed from behind and used in three pictures as a shield against gunfire: "Do like I say, or the little man gets it!" Kicking in the face, popularized in comics and never practised by children before the comic-book era, is not mentioned in the code. And in Murphy-approved comics both hero and heroine practise it! Advertising that teaches brutality is not forbidden by the code. Thus "Approved" comics promise to teach you "hitting where it hurts"; "You, Too, Can Be Tough!"

In the wording of the code, Mr. Murphy has tipped his hand, too. "Excessive" violence is forbidden. Should not *all* violence be toned down? "Brutal" torture is forbidden. Does that mean that refined torture is

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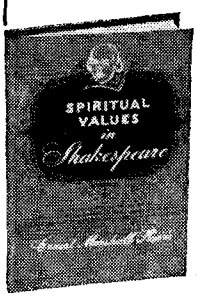

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all right? "Excessive" knife and gunplay are forbidden; so is "unnecessary" knife and gunplay. Does that mean that it is all right to stab a guy if need be? Surely this is not a countermeasure, but a cover-up continuation of the cruelty-for-fun education of children.

LET us compare prohibitions in the code with facts in the approved comic books. All following examples are from books with the seal of approval, "Approved by the Comics Code Authority." In many of the stories the theme of violence and the excessive brutality are just the same as before.

The code forbids torture in two of its sections, and also has two prohibitions about policemen: one against "disrespect," the other "discouraging" "law enforcement officers dying as a result of a criminal's activities." But in an "approved" comic book one policeman is tortured to death ("Whoever the crooks were they were pretty vicious, that's for sure! Poor devil!") —thus combining all these prohibitions in a book which Mr. Murphy approves. And another comic book starts out like this: "Plug the lousy cop, Frankie!"

"Physical agony" is forbidden, too. Yet you see in an approved book a close-up of the agonized face of a man brutally knocked down from behind, to the admiring ballooned cry: "Boy! You hit him a good lick!" The code says evil must "illustrate a moral issue." Example: a burglar and drug addict is afraid his girl friend will inform on him so he wounds her father and kidnaps her. In the comic books this is called "a valuable lesson in social relations"!

"Special precautions" are supposed to be taken to avoid references to "physical afflictions" and "deformities." Example: the bank robber calls the crippled janitor "Limpy" as he shoots him down and escapes "five thousand dollars richer." Health advertisements of "questionable nature" are supposed to be rejected, according to the code. But there certainly are health ads that make adolescents and pre-adolescents hypochondriacal: "Tired of being ashamed of your build?" or promising to reduce weight "twenty-five pounds in twenty-five days" without "hardship diets" or "I gained seventy pounds of mighty muscle" in "ten minutes a day"; "I improved my HE-MAN looks 1,000%" (*sic!*).

Sadism is supposedly forbidden. But you see a close-up of a girl's feet in high-heeled shoes, bound with rope. "The crime of kidnapping shall never be portrayed in any detail." And you see a girl seized when she dives from a boat: "We're going to hold her hostage till we get out past the twelve-mile limit!" "In every instance good shall triumph over evil," says the code. In the comic book that works out like this: a man kills his wife by starving her to death in a dungeon (four pictures of her agonies there); then he marries a young girl, and she starves him to death in a dungeon (shown in the last two pictures).

"All scenes of horror . . . shall not be permitted"—but a girl is shown in the grip of a hideous monster: "Two seconds before the hairy animal would claim her its victim . . . Two seconds to scream" (six pictures). "No comics shall explicitly present the unique details and methods of a crime." But the comic book tells the would-be arsonist: "That shipment of oil is here! The super wants you to go down in the cellar and check it!" "He's going to set the hospital on fire! Those poor devils in their beds! They won't have a chance!"

The code forbids ads for knives. I have before me twenty-four different comic books with the seal of approval advertising "throwing knives," or "knives," or "whips." And I bought a knife and a whip from such an advertisement. This was vehemently denied before the New York State Joint Legislative Committee by Mr. Murphy —but a few days later he changed his position and conceded in effect their existence by ordering their removal (which of course cannot take place right off anyhow, since millions of copies are out in circulation).

AT PRESENT it is far safer for a mother to let her child have a comic book *without* a seal of approval than one with such a seal. If comic books, as the industry claims, are the folklore of today, then the codes are the fables. The problem is really simple. You either close down a house of prostitution or you leave it open. You can't satisfy both those who want it open and those who want it closed. How long are we supposed to wait for the comics clean-up? Mr. Murphy told the Joint Legislative Committee: "It will take years and years and years." It could be done in a few weeks. The way the industry acts, it seems to me it will take centuries.

Mammon is at the root of all this. The comic-book publishers, racketeers of the spirit, have corrupted children in the past, they are corrupting them right now, and they will continue to corrupt them unless we legally prevent it. Of course there are larger issues in the world today, and mightier matters to be debated. But maybe we will lose the bigger things if we fail to defend the nursery.

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(*Continued on page 50*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1098

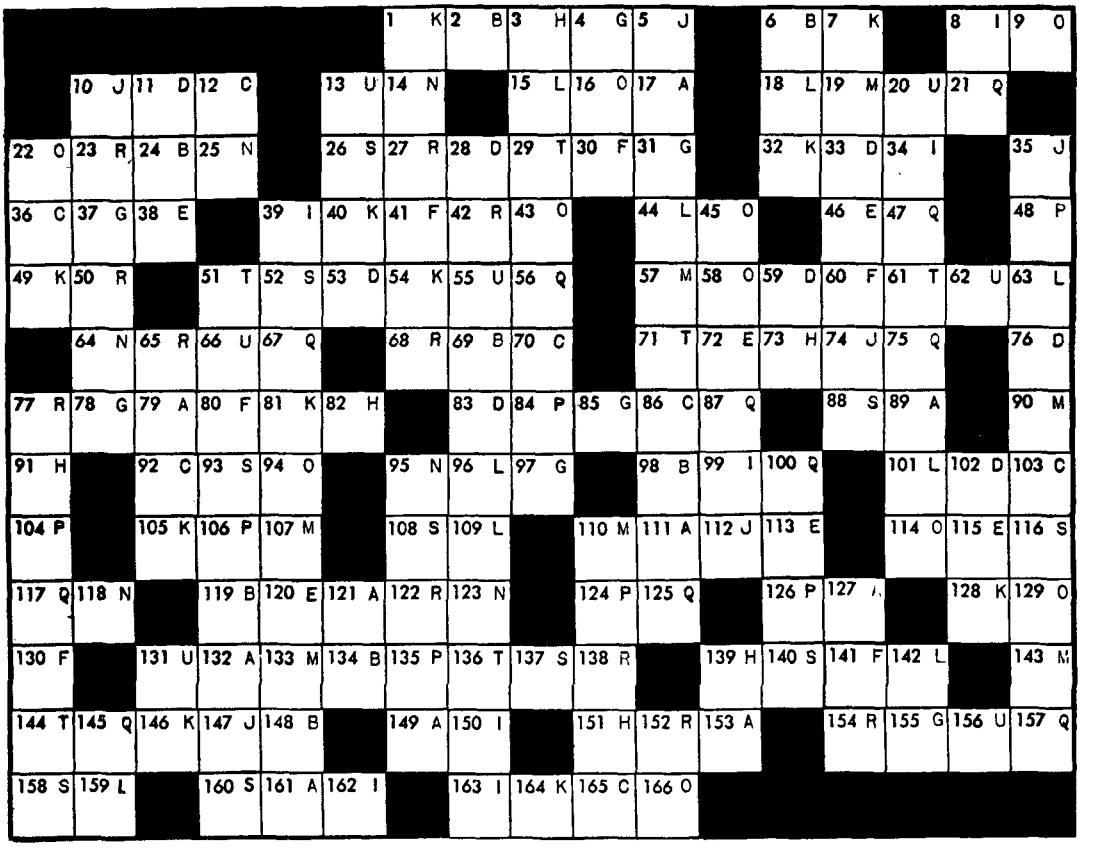
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Of the color honey yellow.	132 121 153 111 79 161 17 127 149 89
B. Strike with surprised wonder.	24 148 119 134 69 6 98 2
C. Blushes.	86 92 70 12 36 165 103
D. Followed by Word H, the zinnia (comp.).	28 53 102 83 33 59 11 76
E. Equipped with articulated joints.	120 72 46 115 113 38
F. Kept off.	141 41 30 130 80 60
G. Tries out.	97 155 37 31 85 4 78
H. See Word D (comp.).	91 139 82 151 73 3
I. Prussian officer who was George Washington's trusted adviser (1730-94).	150 39 162 99 163 34 8
J. City for which the Egyptians named their year of 365 days, 6 hours.	147 74 5 35 10 112
K. Where those red sails were a few years ago (3 wds.).	146 49 32 40 164 7 54 81 105 128 1
L. Tuneful, harmonious.	101 142 18 15 159 44 109 96 63
M. Women in charge of domestic arrangements of public institutions.	133 143 107 110 19 90 57
N. To hurt, vex, annoy.	95 14 64 123 118 25
O. Popular name for Cromwell's soldiers.	22 9 16 129 94 58 43 114 166 45
P. As regards that particular.	104 84 106 135 48 124 126
Q. Several of Louis Untermeyer's published books.	145 100 75 56 157 67 47 21 117 87 125
R. Walter Reuther or Michael Quill, etc. (2 wds.).	152 65 154 23 42 138 27 68 50 77 122
S. Permanent dweller of a place.	88 93 52 116 26 140 160 137 158 108
T. Nickname of the prizefighter-wrestler Tony Galento (comp.).	51 144 29 136 61 71
U. Loud, long, wailing, wordless utterance.	156 13 62 66 131 20 55

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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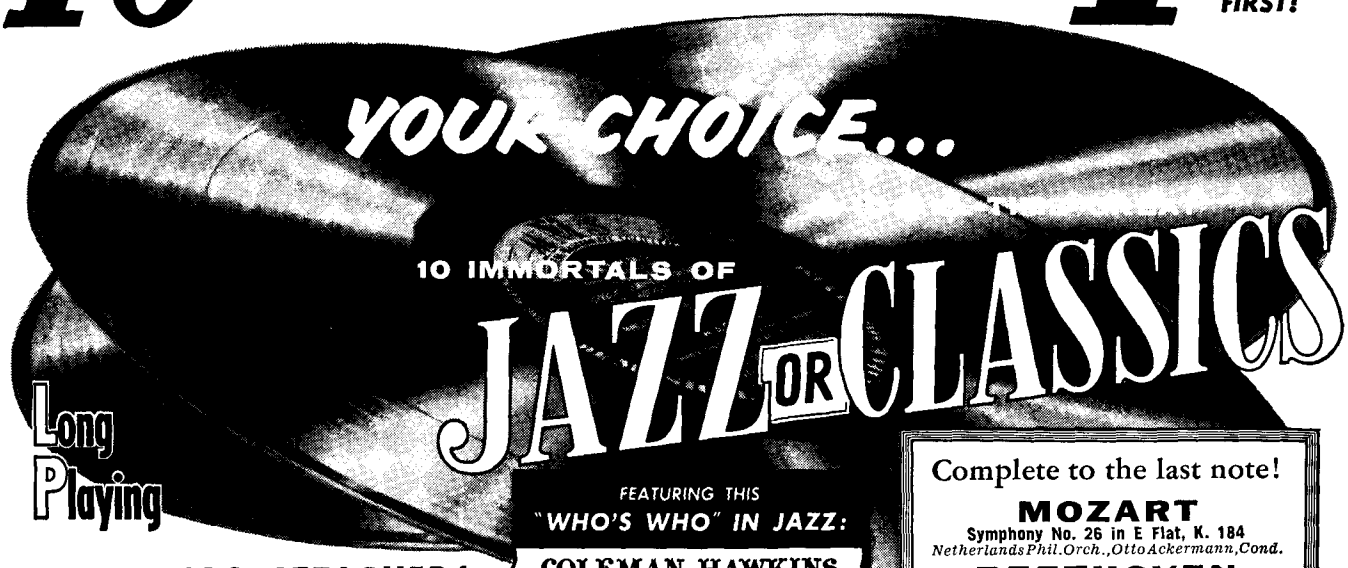

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Utrecht Symphony, Paul Hupperts, Cond.

BERLIOZ
The Roman Carnival
Netherlands Phil. Orch., Walter Goehr, Cond.

VIVALDI
Concerto in C for Two Trumpets & Orchestra
H. Sevenstern & F. Hausdoerfer, Trumpeters
Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra
Otto Ackermann, Conducting

WAGNER
Die Meistersinger, Prelude, Act 1
Zurich Tonhalle Orch., Otto Ackermann, Cond.

BACH
Toccata and Fugue in D Minor
Alexander Schreiner at the Organ of the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City

DUKAS
Sorcerer's Apprentice
Utrecht Symphony, Paul Hupperts, Cond.

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